



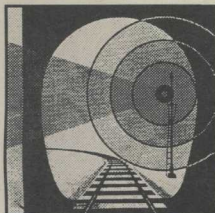
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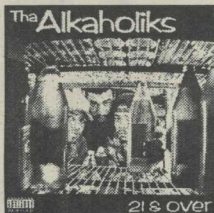


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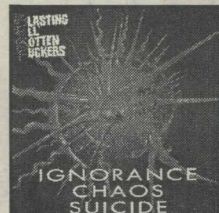
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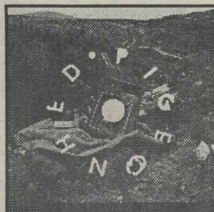
ENTER THE WU-TANG:
One of the most anticipated rap records of the year, the 6 members of Staten Island's WU-TANG CLAN produce sizzling hardcore rap with bone breaking beats and serie horror movie sound effects. Blazin' Stateside!



IGNORANCE CHAOS SUICIDE:
Aggressive and full of fury, Quebec's premier hardcore band, BARF tear down the wall-of-sound with the dizzying grindcore mix of their sophomore release. Bonus points to all who can forego earplugs!



WHISKEY FOR THE HOLY GHOST: If Leonard Cohen were 25 and from Seattle... well it gives you an idea. Dark and emotive, MARK LANEAGAN's (formerly with Screaming Trees) second solo album is essential listening. At your favorite record store February 2nd. Co-distributed by MCA.



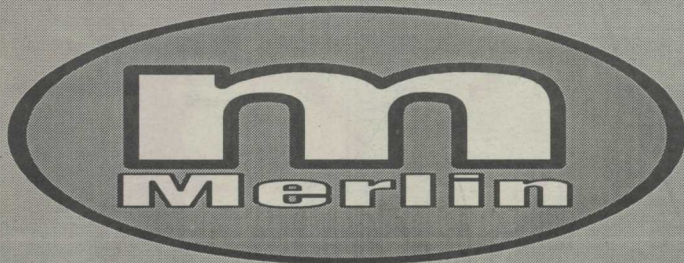
PIGEONHED is a studio collaboration between renowned musician/producer/studio wizard Steve Fisk (Pell Mell/Screaming Trees/Beat Happening) and Brad vocalist Shawn Smith. They are "Seattites who favour the shuddering dub of On-U-Sound over the now traditional mess o'guitars" (Melody Maker).



RING:
Produced by Lou Giordano (Sugar, The Lemonheads), Ring presents THE CONNELLS at the height of their creativity, expressing a level of maturity only hinted at on their previous releases. Co-distributed by MCA.



ANGST:
From the metallic dance groove of *Light*, to the electro-thrash of the first single, *A Drug Against War*, the 6th LP from German ex-patriots KMFD (now based in Chicago) hits hard and fast with astonishing depth and variety.



A NOISE SUPREME
February 2, 1994



DISCORDER

January 1994
Issue #132

"If you don't want it edited...don't fuckin' write it."

COVER

You're probably getting really sick of hearing his name already but you can't deny the fact that Eric Thorkelsson knows how to operate a camera. He has the coveted distinction of being the first photographer responsible for three *Discorder* covers...in a row, and he shares that pride with our cover pin-ups, Thorsen. In true *Discorder* fashion, Thorsen co-operated to great lengths with us 3 days before our print deadline.

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Deadline for submissions is the 15th of the month. *Discorder* wants your stuff—send it our way and if we like it we'll use it; if not, we'll love it. Submissions can be submitted on disk (preferably), in print, or in type. CTR 101.9 FM is 1800 watts of nearctic bliss from UBC's L.A. Smyth, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock.

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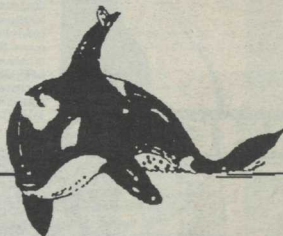
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and the big winners
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THANKS TONS AND SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!



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POLISHING THE KNOB

Paul L. Brooks, editor (loosely described): Your assessment, post facto, of Paris Green's alleged plagiarism in the October 1993 issue of *Discorder* (#128) is a sad indictment of your own gross bungling and specific ineptitude as an editor. Before I address the issue of the article in question, it is important for you to realize how clearly you have revealed to *Discorder* readers your failure as an editor. The editor's job, foremost, is to edit. Critical analysis, reinforced with proofing a writer's work is necessary. I won't ask if you completed this fundamental responsibility

because you clearly answered this question with a resounding "NO" through your apologetic diatribe last month. This leads me to another observation about this situation you alone have chosen to make public: your thinly veiled apology. The apology is less an attempt at damage control over a writer's alleged action—but more a self-motivated desire to seek forgiveness by an editor known—as he screwed up. You know you are a failure as an editor, not in least because an article you deem unoriginal was printed, but mostly because you did not fulfill the most minimum of responsibilities of editing. If

you want to be an editor, at least act like you care enough about the job to read what is printed in your paper. You should ask more questions Paul, because the proverbial buck stops with you. However, it is too late now and your reputation of being even somewhat thorough and responsible has been publicly replaced with one of sloppiness and indefensible incompetence. This is not a personal critique, but a professional one. Personal criticisms are a different matter. When you publicly stated that I would have "to live with the humiliation of passing someone's thoughts...", I became incensed. Who do you think you are to make such a judgement—not an editor because you showed everyone through your words that you fail in that position. When I started writing for *Discorder*, I was told by others that you were "a nice guy, but not the brightest editor the paper has ever had" (talk about understatement!). In fact, you did not even bother to ask me, the writer, if you had concerns about the said article. If you had a genuine concern about, as you state, "the brazen image of *Discorder*" being unblemished, don't you think that publicizing—your unconfirmed views might tarnish the paper even more. That's a rhetorical question because your ability to think, in this case, has sadly shown to be stalled. Ironically, you have done more to advertise the mediocrity of *Discorder* than any number of alleged plagiarisms. As a final remark, since you have failed to respond to any of my messages I have engaged legal counsel regarding your allegations. Because of your com-

ments last month, my lawyer has instructed me not to discuss this matter with you. I hope you have some dignity left and print this entire statement in *Airhead*.

Bite me you knob,
Paris Green

(p.s. I guess I this constitutes for having written for *Discorder* again)

AWFUL SCHREUR OF THEMSELVES

Discorder,
Hey I thought your interview with Juliana Hatfield was awesome. I don't know why I let Rockers get away with being idiots in interviews. She & Evan seem to be some of the worst offenders around!

Congratulations,
simple machines records

Hey Discorder Folks

This here's Lukas Pearce, and I have the job of Music Director way far away in Halifax Nova Scotia where this time of the year lot's of people think of the impending snow and sigh at the mere thought of a B.C. "winter." Anyway, I thought I'd write you all a note 'cuz I think that *Discorder* is good and cool, regarding your review of the *Out of the Fog* Top compilation. And it's not in anyway that I would lift more than a finger of disagreement, especially as you went to such length to fairly describe its obvious shortcomings.

Rather, I just thought it would be prudent of me to answer

the implied question as to whether this is indicative of the Halifax music scene with a shaking head and a kind of smirk as I say nope.

The deal with the compilation was so unappealing to lots of bands that they refused to participate, especially since more and more Halifax bands are figuring out how to put out their own records cheaply. And besides, more of what's really *Hapin'* 'round here can be found on the NO Records compilation, *NO CLASS*, the Phunky Lobster Hip Hop comp *Hallucin Meltdown* anywhere in the modestly priced staples of Cinnamon Toast, teasing with 7 gems.

So, way out there over the mountains, if any of you is interested in what's going on in this nice place where everything is within walking distance, you'd be wise to look a little deeper through the FOG.

Still think *Discorder* is smart though,

Lukas Pearce
CKDU
Halifax, N.S.

(P.S. we like your music too, so feel free to send it our way for airplay)

Dear Sirs,

I picked up a copy of your paper at the Abstract Zone (great place) in Langley on the way to the Blind Melon/Pearl Jam/Lenny show last month. Me being from Hope (hick town, in case you've never stopped for coffee), I had never seen it before. I have a few copies of *Terminal* lying around that I pick up at the 'Nam when I'm in the city, and I can't really decide which one I like better. But, seeing as how you guys offer subscriptions and they don't, you're the ones I'm writing to. So, as a show of support, please find \$15 enclosed and add me to whatever list I should be on so I can start getting *Discorder* in the mail. Thanks much.

Yours Truly,
Mike Vandeveld
Hope, B.C.

Chin up, Mike. Just because you are a resident of the greener pastures that lie beyond the concrete and steel of Vancouver, or any other teeming metropolis for that matter, don't, for one instant, believe that we're (I speak on the collective behalf of Vancouver) elite to the populous living in a "hick town." However, I must say that this a noble step in the right direction. And, whenever you're in doubt as to which paper is better, remember that we don't have Jason Schreurs writing for us—thanks for subscribing.

HUNGRY, HUNGRY HIPPOS

Dear Airhead,
This is in regards to "Mike's" letter about Elvis Love Child in *Shindig* '93. Everyone in this great free country of ours has a strong right to express their opinion

openly... life would hardly be interesting otherwise, eh?

However, I was a witness to all those sheenigans that Mike speaks so fondly of. During the time period that E.L.C. was playing, I was told by various people that I of the judges left, thinking that because he had seen the band a year ago, he could base his judgment fairly on that basis—wrong. If you are a judge, it is your respectful duty to stay and observe all the acts the whole way through. I do not claim that this is the goddammighty truth, I was only told this.

Regardless of the above, at the end of the night, this clown decides to verbally abuse Robert Ladd and unprovoked. What criteria does it take these days to be labelled "Sub Pop rip-off"???? Gee, I did't realize that Neurosis (as you refer to ELC in the 2nd paragraph) were on Sub Pop! Leatherface and Samiam would be Seattle too! Wow!

The point is that you should not condemn someone so harshly for doing what they enjoy to their face. And Shindig! seems to be becoming something that is only getting a worse and worse reputation for this very negative fact by not only musicians, but music industry people who I work with as well. Sad. Strain, a local band now signed to Overkill Records in Seattle (oh, did someone say Seattle? They must be grunge...) got asked to play again in *Shindig!* when their predecessors dropped out and they blatantly refused because of the way they were treated the first time. As far as I'm concerned, you (Mike) are extremely immature and lame. Elvis Love Child only wanted to play for fun, not winning or losing... Justin even withheld 2 of their judges cards because he felt that they were too mean and pointless. Aggressive people like Mike ruin it for everyone. One of the judges said that while he was watching ELC, he was heavily pressured by other judges to slag them (which he didn't). Have we the desire to be like sheep now? Sick. That is insane.

Hey Mike... I like how you called their friends and fans "dumbshit" and "braless" just because their taste is different than yours... that's really mature! Their are more important issues in this world to be fighting against instead of each other. Go waste your pathetic attitude slagging someone who is truly evil.

Sincerely,
A. Jager
Teamworks
Vancouver

Dear Airhead,
Just read Grant Lawrence's 7' feature in December 1993's Issue #131. While I truly appreciate that you people take the time to feature local independent reviews, this time I was simply perplexed. The Nowhere Garden are referred to as "a group that was once a Grateful Dead cover band." I thought this to be an example of

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WRITE TO US TODAY! AT: P.O. Box 1776, STATION 'A', VANCOUVER, B.C., V6C-2P7

the crypto-poetic-self-admiring rhetoric of which record reviews primarily consist.

Then I found out that Grateful Dead cover bands actually have and do exist. I may agree with Mr. Lawrence that this is unforgivable; however, The Nowhere Garden has never been a Grateful Dead cover band. Perhaps reviewing the songs (italics) instead of fictitious accounts of bands would be more helpful to the listener (italics). Stop this cool meter stuff, ok?

Respectfully,
Paul M Carpenter
Flaming Cow's Head

Disorder-folk,
here's your complimentary copy of my (first) 'zine, *Viscosity Breakdown* for your general amusement. Public praise (or even slapping) humbly appreciated. Let me first butter you up by thanking

y'all for your support of our blossoming local 'zine scene (excluding that forged letter allegedly from *Havoc's* Lucifer which you once printed, and never to my knowledge retracted). Anyway...

BTW to Christian: as if the Cooten Twins have "betrayed the 4AD label" as you implied in your *Dead Can Dance* review (issue 130, Nov., '93). Almost twenty projects and releases over the course of a dozen years with the label hardly suggests an attitude of success-obsessed ladder climbing. If you're going to start making accusations toward a band of such integrity as the Twins, try at least digging up some facts along with your brandy-rollism.

Enough of my ranting.
Peace, love and anarchy; and embarrassing infections to police officers...

David Benedict

Playground Liberation
Front
515-916 West Broadway
Vancouver, B.C.
V5Z 1K7

Dear Airhead,
I am (usually) a regular reader of your fun filled newspaper and listener of your fun filled and eclectic radio station. I just picked up your December issue and noticed that you had a page devoted to the "Classical" thing which really interested me because I'm a classical musician, among other things. BUT... where's the fun? How come on this one page the energy level takes a nose dive? I nearly fell asleep. Who cares about what Mozart's first initials were? We certainly did not need a bunch of dead but long winded facts drearily and laboriously stuck in our faces in the first few

paragraphs. The Classical world is an exciting one, encompassing all the music written in the 800 years before us. Or it should be. If it isn't, then the reviewers should be just as willing to throw shit at the performers responsible as they are in their reviews of "popular" music! And why just one reviewer? Why not scout out some eager, opinionated and knowledgeable reviewers from, say, UBC music? And give everyone a little paragraph of their own to add variety? I'm not insulting John Brunstein, your present writer, because he appears to do what he can and be fair and encouraging to the performers he sees, but it seems to be too much space for him to fill up alone without making people yawn! I don't think that people who weren't brought up in a classical environment are going to want to

read about how sounds are produced on a harpsichord as opposed to a fortepiano; you could argue that it's important to give some historical background because we're dealing with music written 200 years ago, but isn't it more important to bring the music alive by having exciting in-your-face commentary about the music as if it had been written yesterday? And how about some groovy graphics, and bold typeface for composer's and performer's names like you do for bands in your other articles? The composers may be mouldy in their coffins, but the music is very much alive. Can the reviews be too?

Yours sincerely,
Patricia Hammond
Vancouver, B.C.

COWSHEAD CHRONICLES

YOU KNOW, FOR THE MOST PART, A GUY'S GOTTA DO WHAT A GUY'S GOTTA DO. BUT AT THIS POINT, I GIVE UP.... NO SHIT. MY HEAD HURTS! AND I HAVEN'T BOWLED A GOOD GAME IN WEEKS. THOSE REAL ESTATE BASTARDS ARE ON, BUT GOOD, AND IMPRETTY CLOSE TO SIGNING A DEAL FOR A PLACE I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN BUT HEAR IS THE CATS ASS. A GUY'S GOTTA HAVE SHELTER, DON'T YOU KNOW? HELL, JUST LAST WEEK I WOULD HAVE TRADED THE WHOLE SHOOTING MATCH FOR A CARDBOARD BOX AND A FRESH PACK OF WINSTONS. WHAT MORE DOES A GUY NEED THAN A PLACE TO GET A GOOD GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICH AND A BOTTOMLESS CUP OF COFFEE? AND THE KITS CAFE AIN'T THAT FAR AWAY, I'VE DONE WORSE. I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU RIGHT HERE AND NOW, I'VE PICKED UP GARBAGE, SHINED SHOES AND SHOWELLED MY FAIR SHARE OF COW MANURE, AND IN A PINCH I'LL DO IT AGAIN. I'M NOT SO PROUD THAT... WELL, DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT IT. LET'S JUST SAY THAT I'D CRANK ACROSS THE BROKEN GLASS IN THE POURING RAIN FOR A LONG DOUBLE ESPRESSO WITH A HIT OF COLD WATER, ANY DAY. CAFFEINE, WHO NEEDS IT...? ME, YOU SORRY BASTARDS. WITHOUT IT I'D REALLY FALL INTO SOME DEEP HOLE OF DESPAIR—THE JOLT OF THAT SHIT KEEPS ME PARTIALLY SANE. HELL, THE WOMAN WHO SITS NEXT TO ME NEARLY EVERYDAY PRACTICALLY MAINLINES THE STUFF SO I DON'T FEEL SO BAD. SHE'S A CUSTOMS BROKER, OR SOME SUCH THING, AND HAS GIVEN ME SOME PRETTY FAIR IDEAS ABOUT SMUGGLING. A SORRY LOT WE ARE, REALLY, HUNCHED OVER THE RAILS AT THE BAR LIKE FLIES PICKING AT OUR FOOD AND FLICKING OUR CIGARETTE BUTTS AT PASSERS-BY. SHE'S GOT THIS THING FOR SCORING OLD LADIES AND I GUESS THAT'S WHAT I LIKE BEST ABOUT HER. SHE'S A SNARKY ONE ALRIGHT, JADED FAR BEYOND HER YEARS. HELL, SHE'S TWENTY-SOMETHING AND DOESN'T TRUST ANYONE LEAST OF ALL ME. POOR GIRL, SOMETHING SHOULD REALLY BE DONE. GTH



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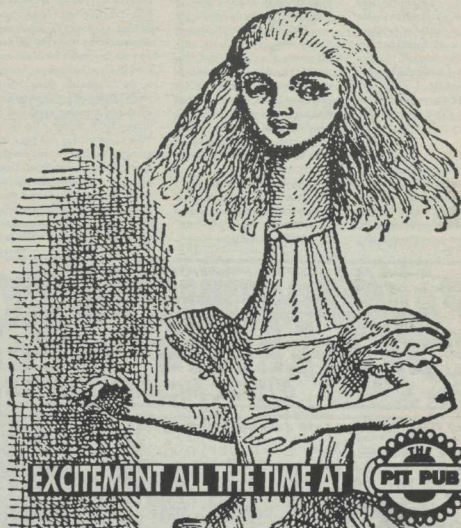
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SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

Halibut friends! Now that Discord's gone hi-tech and its e-mail on-line I thought I'd reprint my available on-line: cheesem@midlink.bc.ca May I be bold and request you drop me a line? Some goes for annual subside: #4636 MPO, Vancouver, BC V6B 4A1. Tell me what you'd like to see in this wretched column.

Girls, Grrls, Gurlis this month!

The Girl Wants To
Edited by Lynn Crobie
(Coach House Press, 210 pgs, pb, \$19.95)

Toronto poet Lynn Crobie has assembled an anthology of musings, fiction and art from female writers she admires. This new collection of female erotica is frank, honest and quite caustic at times. I am women hear me roar. Indeed! Or, as Scraw! put it "Go Girl Go".

The writers range from the happy booker-hunter, Xaviera Hollander and a bit transcribed from her "Xaviera" record album from the 70's to Pamela Dee Barnes with yet another groupie recollection as only she can tell 'em. The Dirty Divs in '69 relates her 'score' with rocker David Byrd.

The theme of erotica is perceived in differing ways by these writers. Ranc

Lydia Lunch and Evelyn Lau sexual encounters are viewed as brutal power trips in grim-as-hell (extremely well written) stories. For a different take check out the tale by Gips the Galaxy Girl aka Nancy Johnson who contributes the science fiction tinged story "For the Love of a Good Toaster" about love of an inanimate object.

Afterreading Miriam Jones' fiction you'll likely never view *Vogue* magazine in the same light again. Barbara Gendry is a writer to watch out for. Her stunning tale of necrophilia, "We So Seldom Look On Love" is also the title of her collection of stories. Makeda Silveira's "The Girl Who Loved Weddings" speaks of questionable wedding night hijinks.

Gay erotica is well represented. The two short prose works by Mary Louise Adams are fantasy come alive and Barbara Wilson's excerpt from "The Dog Collar Murders" includes thought provoking discussion about S/M under the guise of fiction. The ugliest work in this book is found in the poetry of Trish Thomas who is as petulant and self-serving as could be.

The book features cartoons by Julie Doucet of *Dirty Plotte* fame, Carole Moise-witch, Sylvie Rancourt, whose comic "Melody" is

based on her experiences as an erotic dancer, the giddy art of Fiona Smyth and Roberta Gregory's Bitchy Bitch character who has a rather unsatisfying sexual experience.

The weakest moment in *The Girl Wants To* is the representation of performers who are kit-and-caboodle from the Toronto area. They include Meryn Cadell whose new album is called *Bombazine* and the bands Chicken Milk and Fifth Column. The rest of the world, let alone other writers/performers reviewed elsewhere on this page, is sadly overlooked.

No one will find everything in *The Girl Wants To* to their liking, yet this anthology with a whopping 39 contributors is a strong collection of women-powered arts worth seeking out.

Swever
Shen-D Wilson
(Artemal Publ. Press, \$12.95)
Character Weakness

Judy Radul
(Knust, \$15.00)
Airplaneless Sky

Alice Tupper
(Zapato, \$6.00)
These new books from Vancouver writers. The jacket of Wilson's book describes her as a "post hippie, pre-Generation X Mama of Dads." In *Swever* we first meet a Dancer who turns into a ship's figurehead in "Fang, Drawn and Quartered," the second performance work, "Taboo X Two," features a salmon escaping aboard a ship (read with tongue in cheek). The shorter pieces, named poem-o-logs, feature more basic sub-genres of love, cabbage, destinations, sex, rites of passage. *Swever's* rhythmic dances couple modern-day fairy tales.

Judy Radul has a shy air about her of humor that plays me. Observe the cover of her new book *Character Weakness* which features an icon of a timbale and threaded needle just above her name. *Alyes*, Radul's seamstress and theme-maker. The prose speaks of low self-esteem, sex, masturbation and other human acts. *I don't have children but I have delusions* and they're time consuming too writes Judy in one piece. *Character Weakness* includes graphics by four artists from the Netherlands, where the book was printed during a

five week visit last summer. The skull tattoo 'flash' on the cover is a must see and to the poetry bruised and powerful. This limited edition hardcover book is, so far, only available at Propriocope Books.

Airplaneless Sky is the most recent book by Alice Tupper (the rap-pit-quiet-ice sounds close) and is the follow-up to *Plane Crash Survivors* of last year. There are no souped up hot-roads, Alice Cooper references, or 7-11 stores in the new book, which, I suppose some would say is good—personally, I miss 'em. *Airplaneless Sky* instead deals with evolution, land and animals and the jetstream. This course makes for a serious read saved by the poems wit and charm of which Alice has plenty.

The Malcolm Lowry room at the North Danbury Inn is starting a spoken word night on Thursdays. First the poet will speak, then the band will play and finally the two will, uh, jam together. The first night, January 13, will kick off with Judy Radul being backed by Tom and Christian of Circle C, January 27 Shen-D Wilson and bassist Rick Kilburn; February 10 Jamie Roll with Henry Boodin trio; February 24 Peter Trower with the Jelly Roll blues band. Too cool.

Enough is Enough
Fosion, bc, \$18.00
Shock Treatments

(City Lights, 145 pgs, pb \$8.00)
Two books by Karen Finley. I have great respect for Karen Finley. She has to endure so much shit over her performance at a few years back. Her performance that she's a "yams" incident? But she's a member and it was back with a book. *Enough is Enough* which is weekly meditations for living dysfunctionally. I cheated and read ahead for the sake of this review. All sorts of subjects are sorted out. For example did you know that acting like your parents is a good test for tolerance in your mate? Karen also reminds us that *journalism lead to passionate love-making* and that a complicated life has so many opportunities. And as hipsters around the world can tell you, Karen notes that acting badly is the cultured person's way of meditating. I agree it's a lot to take in at once but

you'll be the cats meow after memorizing a few of these gems.

Karen's *Shock Treatments* is a collection of performance monologues and poems released in 1990. Her work is rage-filled yet hopeful. In a short essay questioning the ritual of birthday parties Karen writes up stating *I hope one day we can celebrate with humanity and not with humiliation*; later in the book the poems are more dangerous, including words about her mother's suicide.

The *ReSearch* book, *Prunel* has an excellent interview with Finley and detailed reports on her performance works, many of which were quite hilarious. Her most recent work has been installations in various galleries on the theme of AIDS.

Drawing Blood
(Dell Alyes, 373 pgs, hb \$24.95)

The second novel by Poppy Z. Brite is just out in hardcover. Her first, *Lost Souls* concerned beautiful hep-cat teen vampires, while *Drawing Blood* is a spooky novel about family, haunted spaces, cartooning, and computers. Poppy's voice for young kids in *modern horror*—a word that aside from Anne Rice has had no contenders this far. The tale is gripping but I do find the haunted house genre of horror just a tad implausible.

Bad Imaginings
(Porcupine's Quill, 155 pgs, pb \$12.95)

This first book by Caroline Adderson of Vancouver is a doozy. The characters in her ten short stories range from grizzled mountain men searching for "Gold Mountain" to the wicked young girl who nabs caterpillars in "And the Children Shall Rise." The writing is sensitive yet not whimsy, as in the case of the mentally retarded Pat who adores his young uncle (and vice versa) in "Gnaw If You Love Me." The writing shines best when the focus is on kids. The children portrayed range from budding evil incarnate to wide eyed innocent searching onto the real world real fast. *Bad Imaginings* is a lush and stunning debut.

TRUE FACTS:

Langston Hughes. Anne Sexton, William Wordsworth, Rilke, and many others like I go on poetry binges & re-read my favorite poems. I tend to prefer very old and sad poems. I read them, and then color people, and read them out loud. One of my younger brother's friends once told me he wanted to be a poet, and write a poem that would make everyone cry, a life-gale I have come to envy.

The critic I read the most lately is Camille Paglia, whose work I study in a kind of horrified fascination. I think that ultimately, her work is important because it generates discourse: some of the best feminist criticism I have read recently was written in response to Paglia. I like criticism about popular culture, unless it is ill-informed, intellectually trendy work which invariably contains enormous information. I believe that to really discuss television, for example, you must suffer (as I have) and watch every episode of *Who's the Boss?* at least three times.

I've been reading a lot of short fiction by Mary Gaitskill, Cocke Mueller, Mary Flanagan, Rebecca Brown, Lorrie Moore, Raymond Carver, Tobias Wolff, Barbara Gowdy, Beth Grant, Patricia Seaman, Tony Burgess, Makaya McCrumb, and others, and I just finished *Ray Durling*, a novel (soon to be published) by Laura McDonald and Alan Pugsley. The Robber Bride, and Agla Kristin's *The Notebook*, and stayed up late to finish each one.

My favorite novels are *Villette*, *Beloved* and *Volley of the Dolls*; Pamela Dee Barnes, Errol Flynn, Joe Orton and Erica Jong are my favorite life-writers, and Adrienne Rich and bell hooks have said everything important, at least once. *Art* is the best book written in this century, and I read it over and over again, in a state of awe and envy.

what people are reading

Ever wonder what People Are Reading? I do. Lynn Crobie, editor/creator of *The Girl Wants To* and author of *Miss Pamela's Mercy*, took the time to write and tell subtext.

I read a lot of the time, and usually without discretion. I would, however, categorize my reading in terms of work and pleasure (although this distinction is sometimes blurry). Currently, for work—that is, my writing and teaching—I am reading a lot of books and articles. My current favorites in this category are Raymond Andrew's *Apocalyptic Red*, a lush, riveting novel about Blacks in the Deep South; Jane Malcolm's recent *New Yorker* article about Sylvia Plath, which irritated and fascinated me, and *Introduction to Fortune Telling*, which I bought at the 7-11, and which is teaching me to be an amateur cartomancer. I also recently published Derrida's *Archaeology of the Pleistocene*, looking for a way to support an elaborate conceit about archeologists/biographers in my thesis. My favorite critics are Elisabeth Bronfen and Jacqueline Rose, who write smart, scary books about women and death.

My pleasure reading is various and difficult to define. The *Girl Wants To*, the anthology I recently edited for Coach House Press provides a good example of what I like to read, because it contains work I solicited from writers, lyricists and cartoonists (a burgeoning revolutionary genre) I love. Lately, I have become fascinated with the range of expression in women's sex-writing and erotica, which the anthology, with its many treatments of the theme of female sexuality, represents. The cover of the book was designed as a tribute to the design and prose of my favorite pulp novels *The Sinners*, by Dean Hudson, who Hudson's book tells the tragic story of Jeff, doomed artist and "Last Master," who

possesses a "wanton catalog" of desires, and who sleeps with "vixen after vixen." I am pleased to have collected a wanton catalog of art vixens in this book, and would love to see more women's books that plunder from and revise the great pulp titles such as *Last Days*, *Dial O-R-G-Y*, *Sin Babes*, and *Wanted: Sin Men*.

I am also a confirmed magazine-addict. I read the distinguished tabloids, such as the *Star* and the *Enquirer* (which are the real Socialist newspapers), lots of feminist and feminist *Queing* (which are the real Socialist papers), although the latter is an exercise in sheer masochism. *True Confessions* (grass roots feminism), and any magazine that looks either serious or provocative. Most of all, I love reading plaintive letters to editors, and never cease to be amazed by the squall of life represented in the letters to a magazine like *People*.

I read female-authored thrillers and mysteries and favour hard-boiled detective series. I like Patricia Cornwell's *Kay Scarpetta* series—Scarpetta is a forensic pathologist—even though the plots are weak—the novels are a sustained and fantastic *Queing* (which are the real Socialist papers), although the latter is an exercise in sheer masochism. *True Confessions* (grass roots feminism), and any magazine that looks either serious or provocative. Most of all, I love reading plaintive letters to editors, and never cease to be amazed by the squall of life represented in the letters to a magazine like *People*.

I read and study a lot of poetry, and lately I've been reading David Trinidad's pop-romantic poems about life, love and Patty Duke, as well as Trish Thomas, Robyn Cakes, Evelyn Lau, John Milton, Allen Ginsberg,

spongehead

by Rob Harrison

"It's hard to really see anything, especially since we're the opening band," bemoaned Doug Henderson, guitarist/bassist/vocalist for Brooklyn N.Y.'s jazz-smashers Spongehead. The itinerary (they had to leave for their next tour stop, Edmonton, after they finished their set) and their

the New York Register from 1819 "Gunfire" that Doug rescued and customized to suit the trio's sound, which has been described as a not-so-heavy handed version of fellow New Yorkers Cop Shoot Cop. "I don't think our songs are like theirs," countered Doug. "Cop Shoot Cop has peculiar song structures of their own

which we're not about to imitate. They're much more deliberately industrial, and we wind up sounding kind of industrial but it just happens that way. I don't know why. We're much more blues in some kind of obscure way. They don't have much of a sense of humour. I mean as people they do, but the band itself while they're onstage are kind of grim. I don't think we're as grim as that."

While they may not be grim, as Doug contends they

precocious place opening for Gun Club and Agent Orange at the Town Pump last October hadn't allowed him to enjoy the North-western scenery. "We're always at the mercy of everyone else and we're trying to figure out what's going on between the booking agent and the Gun Club. The time you don't spend in the rock on stage is on the phone, trying to figure out 'ARE WE GOING TO GET PAID...PLEASE?'"

Getting stiffed on the road would be the least damaging setback Doug, Mark and Dave [Doug's saxophonist/bassist brother] have endured in their head-decades together as one of the naked city's best kept secrets. Riding on a chassis of experimental underground experiences, augmented by crude technology and fueled by cynical irony, Spongehead drive their janglepopped sound into the walls of apathy and injustice, only the tune the fuggin' heap up for another run at it. Their third release *Carb Your Dogma* has them running head-on into the usual themes such as authority "Metal Jesus Fucker," media misguideness "Nothing" and patriotism "Love It or Leave It." There's even an adaptation of a poem buried in

aren't, the Spongehead sound succeeds at combining humour and humanity musically with spite and indignity lyrically. "A touch of weirdness has always been a consistent thing," said Kirby. Reverend Kirby moved to New York area from Washington D.C., bring-

ing with him past experience and instruction in improvisational jazz, rock and classical music, not all of it being useful: "I had a lot of baggage from studying classical music," laughed Kirby. "The years sort of shaved off the fat." He eventually met the Henderson brothers in and around the experimental scene based around clubs such as the Knitting Factory and Maxwell's. The Henderson's resume includes extensive work live and on record

with Eugene Chadbourne and Doug has also worked with Factory denizen John Zorn: "I renounce that now officially," stated Doug.

Arising from their friendship as well as their wish to avoid pitfalls from previous projects, they decided to keep their band as was. "I think our one intention that we stuck with since the beginning was that we wanted to be a trio," explained Dave, who also pursues artistic interests as a metal sculptor.

"We wanted to have the kind of interaction that goes on in a trio where every person is crucial." Crucial, but busier. "You get to play too much all the time," said Doug. "It's never too much. If you're in a quintet with two guitars and a singer and then you have to wait to play your chord, you're sitting there, everyone else is waiting and you go 'T-WANNG!' and you have to wait another five minutes. So you stand there and smile... 'T-WANNG!' I hate that."

Doug's role musically doesn't allow any idle moments. Besides lead vocals, Henderson is required to provide either guitar or electric bass when one or the other suits the moment, a task he can easily accommodate with his homemade double-neck. That same hom know-how has also changed Dave's and the saxophone's role within the band. "It's taken a long time to integrate the saxophone as a rock instrument," said Doug. "Kirby and I would be the rhythm section and the saxophone would intertwine through things on top." They decided to change their arrangements by having Dave play

the bass WITH HIS SAX, and fitted the instrument to handle the job as the late Leo Fender might have: "He's [Dave] playing bass lines and a bass has a really sharp attack," explained Doug. "It's very percussive. So we needed something to augment the click on the reed of the horn. So we built this weird old analog circuit that does that." This customization allows Dave to plug his sax into a conventional bass amp, at an affordable price and with easy to obtain technology: "Most of this stuff is built with Radio Shack parts," informed Doug. "It's true."

Spongehead has made these technical and musical instruments in a home base that isn't overly helpful to it's own. "A lot of places have self-respect for their local scene," said Kirby. "In New York you have to go to Europe, or Seattle, and have a huge record. Then maybe you can play at the club you walk on the way to work every day (which all of them do by the way) because they've actually heard your tape. It's really hard being a New York band. Unless you go out of town, where everybody says "OOOH," A New York band, ooh." Their first shows were confined to the Factory and CBGB's. "CB's you have to play," said Doug. "They have the only decent sound system in New York City. If you're not doing straight ahead rockhouse music, there's a bunch of place paying wages." While Doug's explaining all this to me, Agent Orange's straight ahead skate-pop oppressively down the momentary sound check peace of the Pump's front door/window table section, making conversation and eventual transcription of his words almost impossible. "But it's like, anything that steps outside of straight ahead rock-blues, if it ain't butt rockin' music, it ain't gonna fly."

Dogma is Spongehead's first album. The Los Angeles based indie Triple X (their first, *Potted Meat Spread*, was released by Shimmy Disc, the second, *Legitimate Beef*, is available in Europe through Semaphore), a partnership that already has benefitted them. "Before the contract was even signed they had already given us four thousand dollars," said Doug. "It was a really different experience working with them. They've figured out what most of these indie have yet to; that if you choose a band to put out carefully, then push it, the band benefits and the label benefits too." Mark Kirby agrees: "They've given us total service and a degree of trust. It's actually enlightened capitalism. They're



All photo's by John Van Dier

Spongehead," explained Kirby, is that we're not really influenced. We're more influenced by the other bands we were in.

We've got to be cautious with our own taste." Caution and abandon it seems has been exercised equally and effectively without spreading their sonic identity thin, unlike a lot of their contemporaries. "You'll see their ad on the bulletin board of their rehearsal space: METAL BAND INCORPORATING ELEMENTS SEEKS EUSTON BASS PLAYER TO

working with us."

Ultimately, it's what they do as opposed to what's been done that matters most to Spongehead. "The one thing you have to realize

ROUND OUT A ROCK METAL INDUSTRIAL PUNK STANCE," jokes Doug. "How do you get off the ground with all that baggage?"



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This is my first interview. I confess that when I walked into the Commodore Ballroom during Bad Brains' sound check, I was nervous. I was going to be talking to guitarist Dr. Know (aka Doc aka Gary Miller).

Bad Brains is Darryl Jenifer (bass), Dr. Know (guitar), Mackie Jayson (drums), and Earl Joseph (vocals).

Discorder: Between 1983 and 1986 you guys took a break right?

Dr. Know: Ya.

H.R. [original vocalist of Bad Brains] did a solo album and you guys were playing with Mackie from the *CroMags*.

Dr. Know: Well, Mackie's in the band now. Darryl and I were the ones who were playing with Mackie and we've been playing with Mackie on and off for ten years since that time period you are talking about. We broke up again and before we did *Laganini* I played with Mackie again. We broke up in '89, and Mackie played on the record. Actually, he's probably been in the band longer than Earl [Hudson, original drummer]; we've been playing with Mackie longer than playing with Earl. When the original band would get together it would usually last a year at the most. We've been broken up for two, three years.

So when you guys broke up that one time, Earl went to play with Ziontrain for a while. Did he stay with them and not come back when Bad Brains got back together?

Dr. Know: Ziontrain was H.R., Earl and another friend's band. They went off and did this project. Earl has always gone wherever H.R. went.

They're brothers, right?

Dr. Know: Right. I want to say Earl has finally learned because he's not with his brother now. I just saw him when I was in Germany. He's doing his own thing now. He's singing and was actually going on a little mini-tour. I was very happy for him because you know you get to what you got to do. Not that they aren't still brothers and can't get along but I think what H.R. wants to do musically wasn't necessarily the thing for Earl and I took Earl a while to realize that. It took H.R. a while to realize what he wanted to do musically, it wasn't necessarily being with me, and Darryl, and Earl.

Did H.R. leave Bad Brains a couple years ago?

Dr. Know: Yeah, 89 or 90 somewhere in there.

Is that when Israel [the present vocalist] took over?

Dr. Know: Israel's been in the band for about a year and a half.

Who was doing vocals between H.R. and Israel?

Dr. Know: We had Chuck Mosely for close to a year. He used to sing in Faith No More. He didn't really work out on an artistic side. His style wasn't right. If we were starting a new band that'd be something different. We needed someone to continue what we were doing. His style didn't conform.

What about Mackie? You said he was on your album in '89 and that's the first Bad Brains album he appeared on. Now he's with you as your full time drummer?

Dr. Know: Right. When Darryl and I would be writing songs before, Mackie would be around sometimes. He might have played the drums on some songs. When Darryl and I were writing we'd say, "Play this kind of beat man, we've got this riff that goes like this." Mackie's been around for awhile.

Wasn't Mackie playing for the *Cromags*?

Dr. Know: That was a long time ago and only for one record. What happened was in '83 we were all friends, and anyway we had broken up already and we started playing with Mackie. Actually we were doing a reggae-funk thing and Mackie was the drummer for that. Then Bad Brains got together with the original band and I suggested to Mackie to go play with the *Cromags*. They could do their first record and we're all friends, so he could have something to do and what have you, and he did. He did that one record, and I think one tour.



In an interview that Darryl did in 1987, he said that in '78 and '79 Bad Brains were punkrockers. I can see him saying that since you were influenced by the Sex Pistols. What you consider yourselves now?

Dr. Know: Jah-rockers. [We laugh at this. The rockers is appropriate considering the message that they sing is fused with a such a drashy sound].

Your music has changed over time and your lyrics on your new album are a lot more Rastafarians.

Dr. Know: Yeah? I wouldn't say that. Everybody has their opinion but I wouldn't say so. I would say our lyrics aren't really Rastafarian lyrics so much as universal lyrics. The music itself is music. It's a natural progression. We've been doing music for 16 years. You grow. It's creative, it's art. You can't paint the same picture all the time. You have your style, your brush stroke, your technique. Moving forward is what you feel in your heart. I think it's because we're on a mission. God has some work for us to do: which is to do this music. When the time is over the time is over. We pursue what we feel in our hearts.

There's definitely a message in your music.

Dr. Know: That's what it's about.

With Mackie and Israel coming into the band have they brought any changes?

Dr. Know: Yeah, they've brought their personalities and their flavour. Darryl and I write the songs. We say, "Here's the song, here's the riff." You can play it the typical way that you would think or you could be creative. The songs where Mackie was crea-

tive or played with a unique twist, were the ones that made the song what it is.

Living Color is in your liner notes and you're thanking them. Do you consider yourself as having the same style as Living Color?

Dr. Know: Nah. We're both black bands and have rock guitars, but that's as close as we get. Living Color and Bad Brains are always associated. We thank them and they thank us because each hand washes the other, and each one teaches the other. In the beginning they used to open up for us and we used to do benefits for the B.R.C. and we used to try to help the scene.

Not just for Living Color, and this is something that I really want, to be known is that I did some of it personally. Before we had management, we would take bands from other parts of the country and other states to try to build a scene. We were probably the first in doing this kind of music so we had the juice driving us. I remember one gig we had at CBGB's one Christmas Eve, Christmas, and Boxing Day when I tried to get all of these different bands from everywhere to come like Minor threat, Beastie Boys, and many others no longer bands no longer around. Like I say, each hand washes the other.

Apparently, you influenced the Beastie Boys.

Dr. Know: Most of the bands were young people, and we had been playing music for six, seven, or eight years already. To some extent I guess we influenced them. But you know I could say the same thing for the Red Hot Chili Peppers. Their second gig, or their real first gig, was playing at somebody's party at their house and then we had a gig in L.A. I remember they called our manager and he said "You gotta get us on this gig, man." The same thing happened for Living Color; we played a concert in New York, whatever year that was. They got signed shortly after that. They played first, and then a band called Llewellyn, then Chris Jerks and then us. It just goes to show that time moves on and when you plant a good seed it flourishes.

How do you feel about the fact that the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Beastie Boys, and Living Color, are more well known than Bad Brains? Does that bother you?

Dr. Know: No, it doesn't. Why should it bother me? We're good and it's good that they have their notoriety, and if you really check in the works, by them speaking about us, makes people hear about us. Rick Ocasek from the Cars did our first record [Rock for Light, 1981]. He happened to win the first MTV video award for that video in 82. This was the video that Andy Warhol did, and it had that model Paulina [Porizkova] in it. Rick came up with his acceptance speech, and said something to the effect of "There's a lot of great bands out there, like the Beatles, the Stones, and Bad Brains." I was stunned. This was 1982, and people didn't know who we were. I don't worry about popularity we have respect. It's not about that anyway, it's about doing what we have to do. We started reaching people one person at a time, and I guess that's what we continue to do.

Next, I brought up the fact that as early as 1987 Darryl, in an interview, mentioned how people come out just for the scene. He went on to say that slum-dancing used to be a friendly thing and that it had become totally different. I wanted to know what Dr. Know's opinion was of the situation right now.

Dr. Know: You know what I've seen lately? It's going back to pogo-ing. When we first

started, people used to just pogo. Life is a cycle. Of course, you are going to have people there who don't understand. That doesn't mean that those that do understand can't explain themselves to those that don't, instead of chastising them and saying "you don't know nothing about this, what are you doing here or why are you doing that?" Try and spread some love and wisdom to them.

I have to say here that I tried to explain to the girl in the bathroom that moshing was about enjoying the music and not 'kicking ass' and was told to stay out if I couldn't handle it. Oh well.

Do you think it's getting better now that people are "pogo-ing"?

Dr. Know: I'm just saying life is a cycle. Slum-dancing is going out now, it's back to pogo-ing, which was happening twenty years ago. Look at the music that people are getting influenced by now, you go to the club and they're playing disco. When we started Bad Brains, disco was out. Now this disco is in.

In the same interview Darryl was talking about how there are 3 different kinds of people in your audience. He was saying there's people who come to your gigs who know what's going on with your music, then there's people who are older, and they love your band, and then there's these [Speedmetal] slammers who are diving all over the place. What is your audience like now?

Dr. Know: The melting pot. Old, young, black, white, Puerto Rican. Whatever nationality, whatever color, whatever dress. The people are there for the music. And that's something we've always defended and tried to do. Fifteen or sixteen years later it's finally happening. And it's wonderful. It's not just in our audience it's in everybody's audience. In 1980 when rap first came out there were very few white people who liked rap. There were very few Black Americans who liked reggae. Now, people open up their ears and their minds and their spirits. It's like music is the key to bringing the masses together. We played a substantial part in making this happen, but it wasn't us, it was Jah using us. As I said, for reggae, a lot of the kids in 1980 or 81, black and white, hadn't heard of reggae. But they came to one of our shows and hear a reggae song and say "Oh! Cool man, I'm gonna go out and buy Bob Marley records!"

Discorder asked Dr. Know about legalization of in North America.

Dr. Know: It's happening now, baby. Herb is the healing of the nation. The bible tells that too. Mentally, spiritually, economically. It's an alternative source of energy.

Can you see legalization happening soon?

Dr. Know: God willing. It's in the lime-light.

Last question. What is a 'fearless vampire killer'?

Dr. Know: [he laughs] The vampires are the leeches, the ones that like to suck the blood of the sufferers. Through positive music we can kill the mentality. It's the mentality of taking someone's kindness for weakness or abusing someone because they are weak. Whether it be money, emotion, or whatever it is you can gain from taking advantage of this person. That's what I consider a vampire. There's a lot of them out there. [Dr. Know shows me how to be a fearless vampire killer and makes a cross with two fingers and holds it out]

Or, just put on some Bad Brains, right?

Dr. Know: Yeah.

dr. know talks about bad brains, moshing, canada, and the legalization of marijuana.

interview by tanya hoeltgen

ALL

By Tricia Klein
intro by E. Thorklessen

The All/Descendents discography itself would probably take up most of a page. Like the machine that simply just won't break down, through various line-up changes the band we see today is still remarkably similar to the band drummer Bill Stevenson started way back in the very early eighties. Together with bassist Karl Alvarez and guitarist Stephen Egerton for the last seven years, they've been going longer than most bands ever survive. Now with new vocalist, Chad Price, a move to Missouri, and another full-length release, *Breaking Things* on Cruz Records, ALL continues: continues recording, touring and doing exactly what they've become known for through all of these years...

Discorder spoke with bassist Karl and drummer Bill.

Discorder: Where did you guys

meet your new singer?

Karl: Kansas City, Missouri. Four years ago we stayed at one of his friends' place and we got to know him. Then, when we moved out to Missouri, Bill and I hooked up with him. He used to take people fishing and stuff like that.

Dr: You guys are really into fishing, hey?

Ki: I haven't been doing that much of it. Chad fishes a lot. Bill builds fishing rods. When we moved out to Missouri he built each of us one.

Dr: Do you feel Chad has influenced the style of the band's music? Has he added his own touch to ALL?

Ki: Everyone in our band influences the music. A lot of bands have, like, one dictator dude who writes all the songs. Our band is kinda like four dudes all mixing and matching.

Dr: Where did you guys meet My Name?

Ki: In '86 we met them outside a show we did in Seattle. The in '89 we played with them in Seattle and

saw that they were good.

Dr: Who else have you been touring with lately?

Ki: The Lemonheads and Down by Law... containing yet another former singer.

Dr: Who's that?

Ki: Dave Smiley, who was with us for the *Allroy Sez* album and the *Allroy for Prez* EP.

Dr: Your new album, *I find*, really goes in a different direction from your other stuff.

Ki: OK, part of it is due to the new singer. Part of it is also due to us finally getting a good guitar sound which, for whatever reason, we never managed to get going on before. So how it's a lot more aggressive. I like it.

Dr: What direction do you see the band going in? Do you see yourself moving to a heavier sound?

Bill: We've done so many albums of various types of sonic representations and musical experiments that when you ask us what direction we're headed in, we're usually headed in all directions at the same time. That's just what's cool about this band. But, as far as our immediate future goes, I would say that you could expect our next record to have the most in common with *Breaking Things*, *Descendents' All*, or *Allroy's Revenge*, and the least in common with *Allroy Sez*...

Ki: I think people like their rock bands to be in this kind of never, neverland where they stay the same.

Bi: Like AC/DC. You already know what the next AC/DC release and the one ten years from now is going to sound like. But ALL is living,

breathing human beings and we're not owned by a record label. So we do whatever we want on our records and can do anything, unexpected of expected, whenever we want.

Ki: It's funny, on *Descendents' All* we had songs where people would flat out yell from the audience "Your new songs suck!" Then two years down the line those are the exact same songs people are yelling at us to play. It's always the same: "Oh, your new stuff is so different." Well, good for us.

Bi: Every time we do an interview someone always says, "This is a lot different from you last stuff." It's music, it's suppose to be different. If

you want to hear *Milo Goes to College*, put it on.

Ki: I think most people, your average dude, identify with the singer the most. So whenever we change a singer people have this pronounced attitude... it's very different. Chad really has an aggressive thing in his vocals and it's just natural for him. That's one big difference.

Dr: Are you playing a lot of all-ages shows on this tour?

Ki: We try to play strictly all-ages shows but sometimes it doesn't happen.

Dr: Because you've been playing for so long you must have a lot of older fans. Do you notice a wide variety of

people at your shows?

Ki: Not as wide as I would like, but yeah. We get people our age and younger.

Bi: We get some of that out-of-the-woodwork thing where they were into us, maybe, twelve years ago. All that, then hardcore people, skater kids, college students you know.

Ki: It's kind of a cool paradox because a lot of conservative people call us sexist, because we write about girls and those sort of things, but they don't come to our shows and witness the fact that a large portion of our audience is girls. We get more girls in our audience than most bands.



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Jan Brady



An interview with Eve Plum by Nardwuar of The Human Servette

Nardwuar: Who are you?
My name is Eve Plum and I don't usually wear this much makeup.

So the last time I saw you, you were... fifteen.
Well then, you haven't been looking very hard!

Actually I live in Vancouver, BC, Canada. Do you know any Canadians?
What is your Canadian affiliation?
I was in Toronto about five months ago, actually, enjoying that fair city.

What were you doing? What have you been doing? I've missed out a lot!
Well, you may have missed *Dawn, Porcari's Teenage Runaway* when I was 18, or *Little Women* when I was 21, and various things throughout the years. I guess you didn't watch *Fantasy Island* and *Love Boat*. I did three each of those.

Wow! What episodes were those? Who else was on? What part did you play?
Leslie Nielsen was on one —

He's a Canadian!
See? I just pull out those Canadian connections left and right!

Tattoo recently didn't die? he? Yes, he did. Actually he was still during one we were filming... They had to maddy rush around and change the dialogue because he wasn't feeling well.

Did you ever meet Steve Austin, the Bionic Man?
No.

Or Lindsay Wagner, the Bionic

Woman?
No.

Weren't they *Love Boat* regulars?
No... I never got to go on any of the trips. The location manager would always be there and say, "Look where we're going next week!" and I never ever did get to go.

Was Charles Manson a bad guy?
I think he probably was, yes, a bad guy.

Why was he a bad guy, Eve Plum?
I would say because of all the killings and murderings and stabbings that went on.

What is *Manson* all about, this play you are partaking in?
It's actually a lighthearted romp through Manson's life and the killings and the heinousness and the horrors that went on... in a lighthearted musical vein.

And who do you play?
I play Sharon Tate and Rosemary La Bianca.

Who was Rosemary La Bianca?
She was one of the people that his family stabbed to death.

Has any of THE Family seen the play at all, or have you been able to check them for correctness or accuracy when doing it?
I don't know, to the first question. And, I don't know, to the second question, too.

You sort of revealed this earlier, but between the early '70s and the late '80s, what exactly were you doing other than the *Love Boat*, *Little Women* —
Little Women, gosh, TV movies left and right.

People in Canada thought you were dead for all that time!
That's because they were in Canada.

Was there a rumour that you were dead?
No, not that I've heard.

I guess everybody's dead!
I'm surprised to see you risen from the grave!

Wasn't the Brady house near the Sharon Tate house?
I think that was a vicious rumour.

Do you think that Sharon Tate might have actually been by the Brady house?
You know, nothing's impossible.

How come there was no toilet in the upstairs bathroom of the Brady house? Because they had it on *All in the Family*. The one television toilet that was allowed on TV at the time was

on *All in the Family*.

But the Bradys did break the man and woman in the bed first, though.
Yup.

Have you ever heard of the band Redd Kroos before? The MacDonald brothers?

Is she still around?
Why would I know???

I don't know either!
Why would I know?! All of us in the SAG book just call each other up every week and just chat and chant and chat from our homes in Beverly Hills.



No, I'm terribly unhip. I'm just out of it.

Their movie *Spirits of '76* had Left Garrett and Shawn Cassidy in it. You see, I was just vaguely aware of it.

Is Eve Plum mad there's a band called Eve's Plum?
Yeah, I find that very strange. Why me? It's almost like... I used to get teased about my name when I was a kid in grade school on the playground when I was a child. It's almost like making fun... very strange.

A friend of mine's last name is Garlick and he used to get teased a lot. See, see, it's all a fruit and vegetable thing.

Can you sue them all for using your name?
It's not spelled the same so...

There's another band called Sandy Duncan's Eye had called Sandy. She can probably sue.

host?
I've often thought of being a guest host.

There's another band called the Lunachicks. Have you heard of them?
Now once again we've run up against my incredible unhipness.

And they do a song called "Jan Brady."
I think I've heard that one. I've heard of it.

What other songs have people used? I mean, it must be weird.
I don't know. Just wait! Just you wait! They'll be making songs from your likeness and name very soon.

Have you ever been to Vancouver, BC, Canada, birthplace of Yvonne DeCarls?
I don't think so.

What ever happened to Eddie Munster?
Why would I know?

Now, isn't your boyfriend in a band? I heard your boyfriend was in a rock 'n' roll band.
No.

No?

No.

Maybe.

No. Sorry.

Just a little bit? Maybe he's in a band?
Afraid not. Sorry.

Mike Myers from *Saturday Night Live*'s brother is in a band.
But Mike Myers' brother is not my boyfriend.

Who were some of your ex-boyfriends?
Nobody famous.

What are they doing now?
I don't know... since they're my ex-boyfriends I never talk to them.

But they've never tried to contact you.
No.

Like Billy Mumfry from *Lost in Space*.

No.

I saw him today in a guitar shop. Didn't you go out with him? He's a hot guy. I heard he was in the band America as well, is he?
Well, what do you know?

Nowadays, Eve, you're in *Manson*. I would say it is sort of a scandalous musical, wouldn't you?
I would say so.

It's scary.
Yes.

As a kid, you were clean, just freckles and glasses and braces — sort of like a loser. Identified with you the most of all the Bradys because you were a loser. You never seemed to have any sort of scandals or anything. You never did anything wrong. You weren't like, like, Greg and... Mom.
No. I don't know.

And Marsha and Greg in that attic scene.
I don't know.

Nothing scandalous like partying with Eddie (now singing in the LA punk band Harmful if Swallowed) from *The Courtship of Eddie's Father*. No scandals at all? Not one?
No. No. No.

Has Cindy seen you in acting in *Manson*?
I don't know.

Where is she now?
I don't know.

I loved Oliver. I think I sort of look like Oliver. Do I look like Oliver?
No.

What ever happened to Oliver?
I don't know.

But you and Oliver were my friends. Oliver was the closest I could get to you on the show, Eve Plum. Have you heard about Prozac and some of the better tranquilizers?

Yes, I have. Eve Plum of the Manson Family not of the Brady Family. A couple last questions, Eve. Thanks for the time. I really do appreciate it. How are you doing on the monetary scene, like compared to the Professor on *Gilligan's Island*. Are you doing as well as he is financially?
I don't know. I haven't seen his financial statements.

Would you say your doing relatively okay?
For me, yes.

And finally, Eve Plum of the Manson Family and Brady Bunch fame, if you could be any fruit on the world, what would it be?
I would give you the answer that we give in the show: "That's a stupid question!"

(For further Brady stimulation please check out the wonderful *Teenage Gang Debi Fandine* available for only \$3 (US) ppd from PO Box 1754, Bethesda, MD, 20821 USA)

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BY ERIC FLEX YOUR HEAD

Every so often you're likely to run across one of the very few great bands. Those that are truly amazing. Moving. Inspirational. Crackerbush happen to be one of those few. Their most recent release, *Tin Toy*, on Seattle's eMPTy Records is testament to this. Charged with emotion and energy, *Tin Toy* is perhaps one of the best releases the punk rock world had to offer in 1993—a "classic" on the same level and equal calibre of Minor Threat's *Out Of Step*, Dag Nasty's *Can I Say*, Rites of Spring's LP and a mere handful of others.

Discorder caught up with Crackerbush's guitarist/vocalist, Sean Croghan, after their sold out show at Bellingham's University of Western Washington with fellow Portlanders, Hazel, back in mid-November.

Discorder: When did Crackerbush get going?

Sean: We started in 1989. It was just Scott (Fox, bassist) and I then. We had a couple of different drummers before we met Teddy. Ted (Miller) was "the" drummer. That was a year and a half after we started. Ted full-on ruled. Our first two drummers totally sucked. One was all attitude and no skill, and the second one had some skill but he was a major stoner

so we had to keep teaching him the songs over and over again. He was the best guy in the world; a total sweetheart. We got along with him really well but we saw Ted and it was love.

I'm really bummed out that I didn't make it here until you were playing your last song.

The old stand-by, "Walk Back." Every show we play everyone wants to hear "Walk Back." It's a song we've been playing for four years now that we don't want to.

I'm not very familiar with all of Crackerbush's history. What was the first thing you put out?

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The very first thing we put out was a song called "Spreading Plagues" on the 1.5 Killers compilation. Then we put out a single on a local Portland label (Audio Attic) that really sucked. We mixed it ourselves and did a really bad job. Sometimes I like to forget that exists. Then we did a single for Imp Records, another Portland label, called "Holiday." It was actually the first thing that we were really impressed with. Then we got caught up with cMpTy, who are really good folks. They like us and we like them. Sometimes, though, I have to go to Seattle and beat the shit out of Blake, to keep him in line. He's such a little punk!

Is it safe to say that the next Crackerbash record will be on cMpTy as well?

Yes, that's very safe to say. The next single and the album will both be on cMpTy. Who knows what will happen after that. Right now we have no big desires to "move on." Major labels haven't been pounding down our doors and even if they were it would be the same anyway. We're really happy where we're at. We'll see what happens...

You're going to DC in January. Are you going to be doing any recording while you're there?

That's just going to be for fun. We did a split 7" with Jawbox that came out on simple machines and all of the bands that did that series of singles are going to play at a three day set of shows in DC. We're going to go back and take part in that. We're flying out to DC, playing one show and then coming back. Actually, this show we played tonight paid for that. We got really cheap plane fare, otherwise we couldn't afford to go.

What's next on the Crackerbash agenda?

We're going to be working a lot before Christmas, dedicating ourselves to our day jobs. We may do a single sometime early in the new year and, hopefully another album sometime in the spring. And then go on tour again. Hopefully back to Canada if they let us across the border.

I see Crackerbash and Hazel as both being completely different from anything that's come out of Portland in the past. How does Crackerbash fit into the Portland scene?

We're part of this "new, young sound" influenced by a lot of those old sounds. There's been a lot of Portland bands...Poison Idea, Sweaty Nipples, bands like that. Portland doesn't necessarily have a unified sound right now, but a lot of bands coming out of Portland are

relating to each other. We have a lot of the same influences as well. I don't know how Crackerbash fits in. Just a new Portland band, soon to be the old Portland band. Then there will be another new Portland band after us that has a "better" sound, or whatever.

Are you different in your outlook and the way you do things in comparison to a band like Poison Idea, who obviously consume large amounts of alcohol?

We're not as big as they are! It's a lot harder for us to consume that much alcohol! If I consumed that much alcohol I'd puke. You wouldn't want to see that. I don't think we're different. Portland use to have a really bad reputation for having an alcoholic scene. I think that was just the time in Portland, the mid-eighties. There wasn't a whole lot going on in Portland so your last resort was "let's get fucked up." There's more to do now; there are more shows. So now we can say "Let's go to a show and get fucked up!"

Who are the new, hot up-and-coming bands in Portland?

Probably the Spintanes. I don't know if they're up-and-coming because they've already came. Hazel are going to be the new, superstar, rock 'n' roll gods. There are a bunch of new bands in Portland that are just starting to get together: Plastic Horn Devil, New Bad Things, Satan's

Pilgrims (an "all-star" side band that Scott and Ted have going with few friends), and then the Shaven, who are really good friends of ours and did a tour with us. There's a lot of stuff going on in Portland right now that I'm really super excited about. In about six months these bands will all be really good and everyone will have forgotten about Crackerbash. But that's good. Evolution is good. If you had the same shit forever it would be boring.

I find it really strange that Crackerbash seems to be, all of a sudden, big in snowboard video sound tracks. How did that happen?

(laughing) We have a friend from Seattle who likes us a lot and is really big into snowboarding. I think he turned the guys who did the video onto us. Ummm...we go snowboarding every weekend, that's what I meant to say! I don't know. I've never even been skiing. Aho likes us and he snowboards so they got a hold of outgoings through him. We didn't even know about it until after it was almost done. I guess I should start snowboarding now...

When I first heard Crackerbash I felt that the band must have listened to a lot of Rites of Spring. Yeah, I did! That's really funny, people never pick up on the fact that I'm a big

Rites of Spring fan. I listened to tons of Dischord stuff when I was growing up. Changed my life. Rites of Spring were one of those four or five bands that really influenced me.

What are those other bands?

When I was a kid it was the Beatles, then the Clash, then Minor Threat and Huxley D., and, of course Rites of Spring. The Replacements too. I really like a lot of early Replacements, they wrote good songs. Now I've gone back in time, I've kept coming forward and now I'm going back. I'm getting into Elvis Costello a lot because he writes super lyrics. I wish I had a vocabulary that I was in control of. I'd like to put out a single that was almost more of a "crossers" single, more laid back.

Our next album will be our regular thing again, although we've been writing different songs. Our song for simple machines is pretty much in a '77 punk rock style. I was goofing around last week with a new song that was sort of in that vein with a dash of the punkkka thing...experimenting, trying different things, so Crackerbash doesn't get to be like "Oh, that's another Crackerbash song. I can recognize a Crackerbash song from a mile away!" I want to try some different stuff, do some different things. What the hell. It's supposed to be fun so I may as well have fun doing it.

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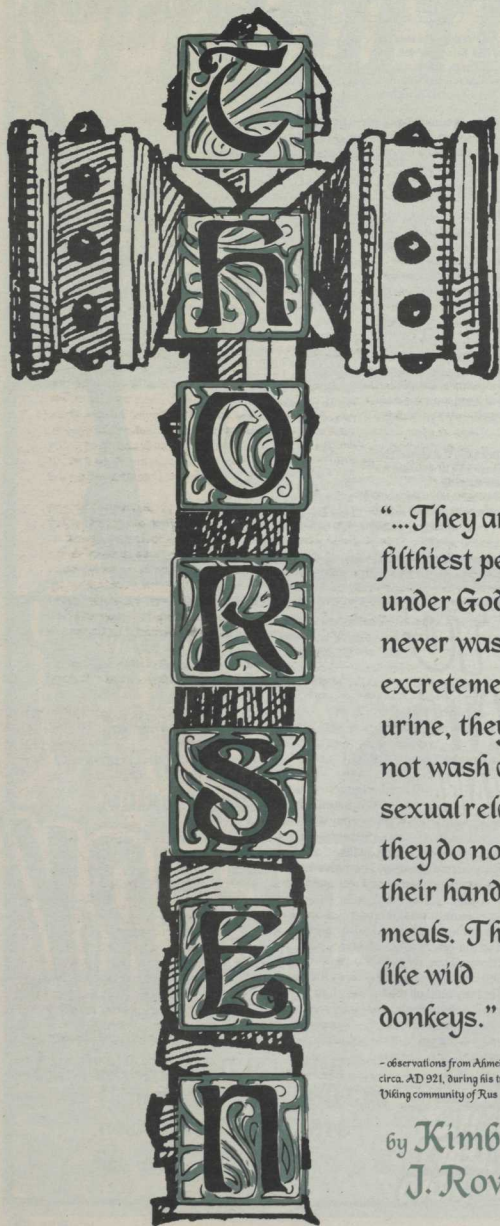
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"...They are the filthiest people under God. They never wash off excrement or urine, they do not wash after sexual relations, they do not wash their hands after meals. They are like wild donkeys."

— observations from *Admet Jón Þaðinn*, circa. AD 921, during his travels through the Viking community of Rus

by Kimberley J. Rowan



MY LIMITED EDITION *Thorsen Primer* informs me that in Swedish mythology, Ragnarok is the final battle during which the gods will succumb to the forces of evil. Upon further investigation, I discovered that (when the time comes) the Nordic god Heimdall will announce the destruction of the earth by blowing the last trump on his magical Gjallarhorn. He will be accompanied by the doomsday ship Naglfar (made from the fingernails of dead men) and Yggdrasil, a "terrible horse" on which men ride to the land of death. Heimdall's trump will be followed by the disappearance of the sun, the death of all gods, and a return to the planet's original state of chaos. When asked about his band's role in Ragnarok "trummor" Fredrik Thorsen (formerly of Planet of Spiders and Vaginal Blood Farts) seemed ambiguous. He was more concerned with being the house band in Valhalla, a paradise for warriors. He grew positively excited (all talk of the apocalypse was abandoned) only when Mike (the-most-powerful-man-in-Hollywood) Olvitz's name was brought up.



Maybe Fredrik doesn't realize it's not as simple as just loading your equipment into Valhalla and playing. You first have to shed a little blood, prove yourself a true and noble warrior, and pay homage to Hild the Avenger, NE's Queen of the Underworld—she manifests herself as a purgative fiery mountain, entered by way of a sacred cave.

Drawn together in the summer of 1992 by their metal propensities, Däv "Jän Lungor" (Iron Lungs), Jen "Vxan" (the Axe) and Carl Fredrik "Håret" (the Hair) have since wowed Vancouver metal heads with their riveting Slayer rock and Viking sensibilities. The songs, composed by Däv (of Smugglers and Evaporators fame) and Jen (also an Evaporator), feature lyrics by Icelandic writer Haldor Laxness and are rich in Nordic imagery in their titles and content—"Egils Saga," "Blood Maid," "God of Boöze," "Valfrir: Sea Soul"—evoking visions of sweaty, virile war kings pillaging and looting. Worse yet, is hinted at in "Across The Fjords"

"...There will never be another woman like you
I killed your family
I killed your father
There's nothing left to save you for..."

I guess Haldor Laxness was born in the Patriarchal age after the fall of Freya*, the ruling matriarch of the Vanir ("elder gods") and the Valkyries**.

It would seem as if Thorsen has stumbled upon a thematic tapestry of archetypes which, coupled with the formidable songcrafting skills of Däv and Jen, have resulted in some of the most unique, epic rock to come out of Vancouver in a Managarm's*** age. I wasn't the only one struck with the acute urge "to Vike" upon hearing Thorsen. Fredrik assures me the verb is actually translated as "to play, or simply rock out to, traditional Nordic music."

The trio recorded their material in November of 1992 at Egg Studios in Seattle under the wise council of Conraad Una. Rumour has it that Conraad was so enthralled by Thorsen that he tried to get them a recording contract with Warner Bros. That didn't materialize but the band did, however, sign a 3 CD deal with Tacoma's Meat Records. The first release of this alliance—a self-titled 7" which includes an insert chronicling the amazing legend of Fenris the wolf—is highly recommended and available at most local record stores. Their first full-length album is due out this month.

* Representational of the powerful female principal, or right brain. She also represents sexual love. Hence, her alternate name Figg became a colloquialism for sexual intercourse.

** Norse death angels fond of eating their true love's flesh. Often times this wasn't a problem, for after the victim sacrificed his flesh to her he gained paradise in her arms.

*** Managarm: Moon Dog "who gorged on the flesh of the death doomed."





Despite Fredrik's initial dismissal of Ragnarok, I sense that there are no three men more suited to (or capable of) fighting the forces of evil in these, the last days. Perhaps a closer look at each member of Thorsen will present us with a clearer picture.

I hesitate, for fear of being construed as self aggrandizing, to relay my most recent near-death experience. But, as my latest (and most frightening to date) bout of neuroatomic imprinting occurred in the company of this notable musician, it cannot be ignored.

Däv is astrologically related to the god Thor ("the bull"). Thor is the Scandinavian god of thunder and lightning. His thunderbolts endow him with the power to fertilize the earth, in turn bearing creative fruit. He is symbolic of the life-force... of magnificence and vitality.

How ironic that a mere day after my article, chronicling my near-death experience with Urge Overkill, appeared in October's *Discorder*, the Norns decreed for me another meeting with Villa (the "death priestess"). For with Däv (and the rest of our party, no less esteemed for not being in Thorsen) I travelled to the very banks of the river Gjöll ("wailing"), from where the domain of Hild the Avenger, all supreme and inescapable, was evident. The death priestess showed herself in the guise of an extremely negligent drunk driver who totalled our vehicle and badly injured several passengers.

The upside to all of this is that the accident victims will eventually make full recoveries and, hopefully, garner larger insurance claims. The downside (the shock and discomfort, not to mention extended hospitalization of certain victims) is that all passengers have incurred the wrath of Hild and she looks forward to doing battle with them during the last days of Ragnarok. His Thor-like qualities, combined with marvellous stage presence and charming good looks, give him the means to battle the corporate 666 beast and the strength to defeat Hild. Needless to say, Däv shall enjoy Valhalla for all eternity.



Jen's astrological sign (Sagittarius) is linked to the animal image of the centaur, or "great ones," who signify the blending of female wisdom and inspiration with male energy and vitality. In her darker image, the centaur was also the Celtic Night-Mare—a "dangerous and terrifying goddess of suppressed energy that bursts outward carrying prophecies of doom." This is noticed, somewhat, in Jen's proven performances as a gifted trombone player, delighting audiences in the North West with his sometimes band the Scoblins. Leading me to conclude that Jen's part in Ragnarok is two-fold.

His first role is that of Heimdal, a Domsday angel already explained earlier in this article. What wasn't mentioned, however, is that out of the chaos signalled by Heimdal's trump on the Gjallarhorn, a new order will rise. Jen's second role then is as the god Balder, who established a new heaven, earth and a kingdom of more virtuous gods in another universe. I can think of no one more noble for announcing Domsday to the rest of us, too bust with our Sodom and Gomorrah lifestyles to notice for ourselves. Then to re-energize, to give new meaning to, to bring together a new world? What an onerous task!

Armed with the sword of wisdom and the shield of good luck, Jen shall carry our unflinching vote of confidence. Exuding a humble and warm demeanour, Jen is a true master of his axe. Although not a warrior, he makes music fierce enough to fight a thousand battles by. His strength lies in his truly inspired heavy metal guitar solos and, did I mention, dashing good looks?

† Little (earth), Verhändi (being) and Skuld (necessity).

†† Son of Odin. He redeems his father's destructive actions (see: Fredrik) by creating a new universe.



"I know that I hung on the windy tree for nine whole nights wounded with the spear, dedicated to Odin, myself to myself."

Fredrik is ruled by the Prince of the Air, Odin (or Woden's). He has many names: Vata, Voten, Hermes, Mercury and Völvi ("horse's penis"). He is the god of letters, communication and magic, and is credited with the invention of civilized arts. Odin visited the realm of Hild, wherein, from the keeping of the goddess Edda in her sacred cave, he stole the wise blood from the cauldron Odrerir. Assumed the form of a bird, he then flew it home to the patriarchal gods, where he was revered by men for having obtained formerly forbidden secrets. Upon returning from the dead he said, "I got a drink of the precious mead, I was sprinkled with Odrerir. Then I began to be fruitful and to be fertile, to grow and prosper. One word sought another word from me." This illicit action links Odin with Satan because the consequent rise of patriarchy and oppression set in motion the charm of events leading directly to Ragnarok.

All is not lost, however. He eventually redeems himself and rights the destructive influences of the patriarchy through Freya. She bears him a son, Balder, who creates a new universe for the gods (see: Jen).

Fredrik's greatest asset in the battle (ready to be fought only when he has reached the pinnacle of fame and fortune) is in his command of words—his ability to communicate. In fact, Fredrik threatens to become a mere figure-head, a man-behind-the-scenes in Thorsen. His true calling lies not in music but in filmmaking. One suspects Fredrik is not the kind of person who tolerates the discomforts of the road or waiting for sound check. He'd rather be working on his computer or meeting with potential investors than sleeping on the floors of strangers among unchanged kitty litter boxes and empty beer cans.

At present, Fredrik is trying to raise private investment (\$1.5 million) to make 2 horror films—a monster movie (*Wyvern*) and an action/horror/musical (*Club Purgatory*) in the style of Sam Raimi (*Evil Dead 1 & 2*) and James Cameron (*Terminator 1 & 2*, *Aliens*). Any fool will tell you that the film trade is even harder to break into than the music industry, and raising \$1.5 million is no easy chore. Especially when "you have to do everything yourself and very few people will help you unless you pay them." I won't be surprised if Fredrik runs into some sort of guileless sugar mama who, entranced by his many and varied charms (did I mention he's devastatingly handsome and he's fluent in Swedish?), chooses to finance all of his future endeavours.

Artistically speaking, a marriage of Odin (male principle/left brain) and Freya (female principle/right brain) should bring forth a deluge of creative spirit (Balder) guaranteed to raise some consciousness, perhaps even that of Mike Ovitz.

Archetypal tapestries aside, Thorsen are currently resting after a hearty pillage which had them rocking Los Angeles, San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. The impetus for the west coast tour was a party gig, hosted by an illustrious entertainment lawyer (brother-in-law to the guy who owns Meat Records) who represents such industry heavies as Alyssa Milano and Tina Yothers. Unfortunately, Thorsen's appearance was cancelled when it was announced that Martin Luther King's wife would be in attendance. It was deemed inappropriate (and perhaps rightly so) for a band devoted to the glorification of Aryan culture to perform. They went to the party though, and I can only speculate on all the celebrities they met, all the fun they had, and all the pure, tempered metal they made!

For the time being Thorsen rules Midgard, the world of humans located between the spirit realms above and below. "Lycka till,"**†† Thorsen!



*† I found it an odd coincidence that Fredrik would only return my calls on Wednesdays—Wodens-day!

**†† translates as "good luck"



R.O.S.E. CHRONICLES

The Rose Chronicles have been together a year and a half. In that time they have managed to get the holiest of grails - a record deal. The Rose Chronicles have a good chance of making it commercially with the release of their EP *Dead and Gone to Heaven* on Nettwerk. When Disorder talked to Rich Maranda (guitar) and Judd Cochrane (bass), what stood out most was their desire to succeed in making the best music they can.

Disorder: How did you get together and how did you get started?

Rich: We had come from quitting four different bands. We were at a four way stop and we all got in this big car accident. Steve (Van der Woerd, drummer) totaled Judd's car and Kristy (Think, vocals) totaled...

Judd:...your car. We were going to get into a lawsuit over it. Rich totaled my car.

Rich: No, you totaled my car.

Judd: Oh, that's right!

Rich: We had to exchange phone numbers and that's how we got in contact.

So what did you start doing? Did you play originals that you had?

Rich: We wanted to start an original band.

Judd: We came from different bands and we were really bored with what was going on. We thought we'd try something and see what we could come up with, and it gelled.

How did you get the name The Rose Chronicles?

Rich: It was tough. We had three pages full of names written many different ways. We spent two weeks struggling with it and finally said, "Okay, we have to find a name!" We spent four hours in Steve's car wandering.

Judd: In Steve's new car. We were sitting around with a bunch of names and Rose Chronicles was the only one we could agree on.

Rich: As far as the meaning goes, there is no meaning.

Did you ever read the Amazing Spiderman?

Both: No.

Around '85 or '86 there was an evil character called the Rose, and they had a series of issues called "The Rose Chronicles."

Rich: No way!
Judd: You're kidding!

When did you get together?
Judd: May '92

How did you get the attention of Nettwerk?

Rich: We were about to do a demo, and we were thinking about where we would want to send it. I thought, "Why don't we write Nettwerk and see if they're into coming and checking us out?" The same time they received the letter, David Gunn from a band called DSK, told Rick Arboit [Nettwerk's A&R guy] about us. The three main guys at Nettwerk came out to the show. They dug it and they wanted to do a demo.

Did you ever try to send anything out to bigger labels?

Judd: No. Nettwerk came out and said, "Hey, we want to do a demo," and we were all like deer in front of car headlights (eyes wide opened). We were real excited just to work on that.

Why is it an EP, and not a full length release?

Judd: It's a good way to get the name out to get people to see it in record stores and put out a

able across Canada and the United States?

Rich: It's an import in the States and it's available all across Canada. It'll be released in Europe in early January, Australia sometime soon, and then we'll see about Japan and other places.

Is it getting airplay?

Rich: It's in heavy rotation on CFNY in Toronto. We're getting good response around North America.

Judd: The industry's likin' it too.

Rich: Allan Moulder from England did a mix of our single *Awaiting Eternity*, and that should be released on our European edition of our EP. If you want to go get that you'll have to wait a while. It's cool.

Why is the last track rain?

Rich: It's not just rain. We had a digger, a friend of mine who played. The rain was recorded from the studio, as well as the thunder. We weren't there when it was recorded.

Judd: We took 20 seconds of the rain, it put effects on it.

Rich: The question is why we put it there?

Judd: Why did we put it there? It was a production idea of ours, to put rain at the end of *Clouding Doubt*.

Rich: But why? There's no reason. There's no motive. It just sounds cool!

Judd: That's the reason!

Are there any specific meanings to the songs?

Rich: There are no specific meanings.

Judd: Kristy leaves her lyrics open to interpretation. She uses them more as visual connotations to go along with the song.

going to try that." Kristy just sings.

Do you get bored of playing the same songs every night? That is, do you decide to make or add a little reggae groove?

Judd: Noooooo.

Rich: I think that'd be highly out of character. Maybe later, we're still a young band. I think a lot of the songs that we've written so far don't really lend themselves to open up in a live sort of way. I think that's one thing that we're going to work towards on our next record. I find that after a while we always change our versions of the songs anyways. If we do change something, we'll stick with it because we're pretty solidified as to what the changes will be. We don't want to risk screwing up.

Rich: We already fuck up enough live.

we tried it. Playing acoustically is really cool. I really like it.

Rich: Electric kicks.

How long was it before people other than family and friends started coming out to shows?

Rich: It happened quickly with a definite overlap. All of our friends came out first, and then...

Judd:...they told two friends, and so on, and so on. Our friends are pretty hip, and there was a lot of word of mouth that got people out to shows. We did a lot of intense advertising. We plastered the city with our name, intrigued a few people and got 'em out.

What are your goals?

Judd: To make good music, first and foremost. To put on a good show, to keep people entertained, and to please ourselves.

Rich: I think right now this might sound premature, but I definitely do not want to come out with a lame second release a lot of bands doing, not sort of thinking about what they're doing as much. I hope and I pray that we come out with a great second release.

What other ambitions do you have? Can you separate yourself from what you're doing now?

Rich: That's like trying to take your insider and put them on the table. What would you do without your lungs, your liver your spleen and your heart?

Judd: So you're saying you'd die without it.

Rich: Probably. I don't know.

Judd: I don't know what I'd do. I suppose there's a lot of stuff I can do, but I have to have the right motivation to do it. Right now I'm motivated to make music and to play it because I have so much fun doing it. Success can be measured on any level. If you're happy recording music yourself on your four-track, or having it played once on a radio station, that might be success for someone, and someone else might want to conquer the world like Madonna.

Rich: If somebody is looking at our band and saying, "I wanna get on an indie label like 4AD, Creation or Nettwerk," get a good band together and try to be as objective as possible. Don't go, "Wow I wrote this, it's great," you know?

Judd: Many times we write stuff that's, well, shit.

Rich: Sometimes.

Judd: Sometimes. You gotta realize that not every song is going to be a gem.



How would you describe your music?

Judd: Do it your self music. Our music is inspired by what we don't hear.

Had Kristy heard of Sarah McLachlan? Their styles are very similar.

Rich: She definitely doesn't listen to other vocalists and go "Well that's great I'm

You use a lot of effects in your songs. Do you think that they're integral parts? Do you envision the songs with the sounds?

Rich: They're all different. At home I play a lot of acoustic guitar and that's where it comes from.

Did you do an "Unplugged" thing?

Judd: We do that so we know we're not getting too far out.

Rich: We thought we couldn't do it until

THE CLASSICAL BEAT

Hello again and a happy New Year to you, Reader! Having survived in one way or another the yearly December frenzy of balancing Christmas cards and papers against the need to get and send cards and gifts to all of those people whose addresses have mysteriously disappeared, it is time to slow down a bit, relax, and enjoy what 1994 has to offer. In classical concerts it is definitely off to a good start, but first a look at what some of the highlights of the last month or so have been.

First on the list is the November 23rd performance by the American Chamber Players, brought here by (as you may have guessed from the name) The Friends of Chamber Music and presented in the Vancouver Playhouse. These performers are quite well known, especially so for being a relatively new ensemble in a genre which has been largely dominated by groups which have been playing together for longer than some of us have been around. The program originated in 1962 at the Library of Congress Summer Chamber Festival, an event itself organized by Miles Hoffman who is the viola player of the ensemble. He is joined by Elizabeth Adkins (violin), Jeffrey Solow (violin/cello), or just "Jeff" if one wants to sound knowledgeable about it, and... you think that I'm going to give you the name of either the piano or the another string instrument, right? Hey, isn't that the usual sort of thing? Well, they have other ideas. Anthony Cozzie plays French Horn, and during the course of the evening the four regular members of the group (accompanied in the second and fourth works by Edward Newman on piano as guest artists) proved that this somewhat unorthodox mixture could work wonderfully.

I'm not sure if it was just coincidence or a belief on the part of the printers hired by the Friends of Chamber Music that it takes a piano in the piece to count as music, but for some reason the program for the evening only listed what were to be the second and fourth works. As a result, the audience was treated to a concert the way chamber music really was meant to be presented: introduction of the two missing pieces on a personal and rather informal level by the performers themselves. The evening opened with a short explanation of the situation by Miles Hoffman, followed by a description of the first work, Beethoven's Duo for Viola and Cello, w/o. 32 ("w/o" is apparently short for some German expression translating to "work without opus number" but we needed some way to catalogue it). Mr. Hoffman went on to explain that the work seems to have been written to be performed by Beethoven (an experienced cellist) and a friend who played the horn. The original manuscript is apparently heavily notated. For two players with glasses in reference to the fact that both were glasses, and is done in a very large notation. While the idea of Beethoven of all people writing something as a sort of joke is a little funny to anyone who knows of his well recorded arrogance and general lack of humor, Mr. Hoffman got a chuckle from the audience by suggesting that perhaps his "slow appearance in portraits stems from the fact that so many of them were actually made from his death mask!"



As a final tribute to the piece the performers, after preparing their scores, each pulled out a pair of the small wire-frame glasses that were in style in Beethoven's era. The performance that followed was charming and, while distinctly Beethoven in style, it was a great deal lighter than many of his better-known works.

The program then continued with the Trio in E flat for horn, viola, and piano op.40 by Johannes Brahms. The composer most likely chose to write for the horn in place of what would more commonly be the cello part in an effort to capture the woodwinds and fields which appear and reappear in some form throughout the work. In particular, he specifically wrote the part for the unvalved horn and not the modern valved version. While this may have been due to a lack of reliability on the part of the valves in use at the time (1865), it may be that he really wished the sound to be as close to the hunting horns he would have heard in his youth. The overall tone of the work is melancholy yet lyrical; the musical allusion to a German folk-song "In The Meadow Stands A House" in the third movement (mentioned in the program notes, fortunately). I am afraid that your knowledge of German folk music from a century ago was not sufficient for me to hear this! It perhaps meant to refer to the country home the composer grew up in. Written shortly after the death of his mother, the combination of

sorrow and remembrance of woodlands in this piece seems to be a reflection of the feelings of the composer more than a musical choice of anything.

After the intermission, Mr. Cozzie introduced the third work for the performance: a quartet written in 1992 ("that's not a reason to be afraid" was the comment) specifically for the American Chamber Players by American composer Samuel Berni. My apologies if the name is misspelled. I am having to guess as this was one of the pieces left off the program, and I have been too occupied the last few weeks with the maniacs tales of panicking and cramming for exams to make the long journey across campus to the music library and look him up.) Consisting of five short movements, the piece was reminiscent of a musical trip to the circus: firstly, loud, amusing, and best of all not taking itself too seriously. As promised in the introduction, most of the audience members were smiling and suppressing a small laugh at the end of this exuberant piece.

The final work was the Quartet in C Minor for piano and strings, op.15 by Gabriel Fauré. Written between 1876 and 1879, it was first performed in 1880, but several of the composer's friends were misinterpreted with the fourth (last) movement of the piece and convinced Fauré to re-write that part for a second premiere in 1883. The program notes reveal that although this is one of his best-known works, he never received any royalties from his publisher for it. (You thought the modern music industry was bad? Not only did they do things of this nature fairly often back then, but they are even thought to be responsible for some things. Ever heard of Schuber's Unfinished Symphony? The real story is that his publisher lost the entire second half of the work.) The reason for the popularity of this piece is evident when one hears

it, based on deceptively simple harmonies, it manages a flowing gracefulness which draws the listener along with it in a way I can only compare to the two similarly popular piano Trios of Schubert. An interesting and uncommon twist in the second (Scherzo) movement is having the piano and strings play in different time signatures so as to create an interesting effect.

The Players did a wonderful job of all four pieces, and I in particular was impressed by the even dynamic balance achieved by the instruments. As alluded to above, the French Horn is derived from the hunting horn, the reason we hear of hunting horns and not hunting violins in historic context (aside from the important facts that (a) it is much easier to sound a horn than it would be to use both hands on a violin while careening wildly through the woods on horseback, and (b) it takes much less sensitivity to make a recognizable sound with a horn than a string instrument, a critical distinction when one considers that Krumpholtz is in the middle of hunting season) is that the horn is much LOUDER than the violin. The modern French Horn, while having the widest tonal range of the common orchestral instruments, does not have a great dynamic range and it requires great skill to play it softly enough to not overpower the accompanying strings in a small group while maintaining clarity of tone. With their combination of good choices of repertoire, affable stage manner, and technical skill, I am sure this group

will continue to be one of the real stars of the chamber music world. I hope that in a few years' time we will again have the chance to hear them live concert of the Friends of Chamber Music.

Another concert from late November was a presentation of the British choral group The Sixties by Early Music Vancouver. Although I was unable to attend this myself on the 26th due to the intrusion of the ugly realities of impending exams (and doom), a "reliable source" who did attend was greatly impressed and highly praised the performance. Embodied by fourteen singers, a leader (that is what a lone player is called, isn't it?) and the director (Harry Christopher), the program mostly consisted of works from the sixteenth century: Sheppard's "A solus ortus carmine" and "Verbum caro factum est," Pygott's "Quid poit, O filii" Hygum's "Salve Regina," Ravenscroft's "Remember O thou Man," Talis's "Videte Miraculum," and the traditional works "Gloria Cant," "Deck the Hall," "The Old Year Now Has Passed Away," "Gaudete," and "I Saw Three Stars." The concert was recorded by the CBC, and uncharacteristically the program even gives the list of what it will be broadcast...but if you wanted to hear it, I'm afraid the last time is on December 23rd: too late for me to hear before writing this and right about the time that you will first be able to read this. Too bad, sounds like Early Music Vancouver was as usual host to a good performance.

Finally, we get to the look at some of what's up and coming in the next month or so (and some excellent choices, it appears!). The Borodin Quartet, now in its 26th year and considered by many to be one of the absolute best quartets in the world, will be here performing works by Tchaikovsky, Brahms, and Shostakovich in a concert for the Friends of Chamber Music on January 18th, 8:00 PM at the Vancouver Playhouse. If you are interested in this one, I would really recommend getting tickets in advance; they can be obtained through Ticketmaster or from Friends directly at 671-5716.

The VSO is starting the new year off with what should be several great concerts. (Incidentally, in last month's column you may have noticed that the review of the VSO concert didn't mention the name of the second work, with Rivka Gelani as soloist; it was the Sonata for Grand Viola and Orchestra by Nicolo Paganini. The few sentences containing this were accidentally deleted by the typesetters in doing the layout). The VSO is also presenting well-known violinist Pinchas Zukerman as soloist in the Brahms Violin Concerto in a January 22nd and 24th concert 8:00 PM at the Orpheum, also featuring the ever-popular Sixth Symphony (the Pastoral Symphony) of Beethoven. This also has a very good chance of selling out early so get your tickets soon if you're interested. On the 8th and 10th (at 8:00 PM) and on the 9th (at

2:00 PM) works by Felix Mendelssohn (Ray Blue Overture, the Violin Concerto, and one of my personal favorites, the 3rd "Scottish" Symphony) are featured, with Jaques Israelvich on violin. On the 27th, 28th, and 29th at 8:00 PM internationally acclaimed Jon Kimura Parker will be the soloist in Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No.3, along with works by Champagne and Franck. If something a little out of the ordinary more than you feel like, they are also presenting "Big Ben on Broadway," a collection of remastered vintage cartoons with the orchestra playing the accompanying scores; that's on January 1st at 2:00 PM and at 7:00 PM, and again on the 2nd at 7:00 PM.

Early Music Vancouver has two concerts this month; the Carle Trio will be performing works by Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Brahms on the 9th, 8:00 PM at the Metropolitan Theatre (189 W. 11th Ave.) and "East meets West," a performance by musicians from both French and English-speaking Canada focusing on French and English works from the Baroque/french composers including Couperin and Purcell to be held at the UBC Recital Hall on the 21st, also at 8:00 PM.

If you want the chance not only to hear some well-played classical music but also to support some young local talent, the Vancouver Academy of Music (it's that other building down in Yaer-Park) is presenting its Wind and Brass Concert on the 15th at the Koorner Recital Hall, 7:30 PM. Some of their past students (including Jon Kimura Parker, mentioned above) have gone on to be internationally recognized, so this might be an opportunity to hear someone before they really make it big. For more information you can call them at 734-2301.

That wraps it up for this edition; as always your comments or criticisms are welcome (but please no letter bombs, I'm allergic!) Good listening until next month!

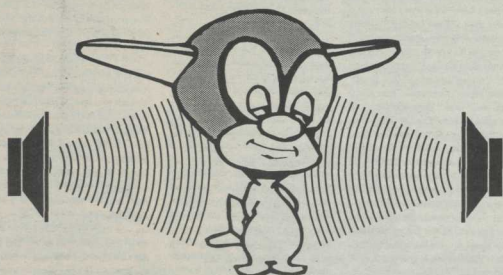
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VANCOUVER SPECIAL



BY TOM MILNE AND KIM KINAKIN

Well it sure seems that this column is becoming equally weighed down with fanzines as well as music. I take that reflecting stronger communications throughout B.C. — I try to give the priority to reviewing Vancouver, B.C., Northwest, Canada material (in that order) so take advantage of that. As far as Vancouver goes, what's so special? I dunno — there's a lot of great bands in this city right now and you don't have to go too far or out of your way to see them play all-ages shows are still happening at the Hastings Community Centre and the South Wall (in North Van.) — and will continue as long as we can somehow stop the "poo-poo-burn-burn" who kicked a hole in the bathroom wall at the South Wall while back. I guess people still need to be reminded that if you wreck the place there may no longer be a place to put on shows [or for the bullsh*t. Ed.] And if you see someone working something, take some responsibility and stop them — don't wait for someone else to find out, or at least tell someone (maybe someone working the door?) what's going down and who's doing it. Anyways, there's also a lot of shows happening at the 8658. Music Hall (if you can afford it) and at the New York Theatre too. If you want to get involved with some activities you can also contact Risk Girl Vancouver (look for posters or write to the Guest Information), Food Not Bombs (4PM on Sunday at Oppenheimer Park, call 876-7730), Get Quiet Co-op (kinda unorganized but maybe try writing P.O. Box 1457 Station A, Vancouver, B.C. V6C 2P7) and you can also write to that same address if you're interested in helping some folks start a queer "zine (send submissions, poetry, writings etc.) that's just in the planning stages now. So, until next year, happy winter solstice and support local artists.

DEMO REVIEWS

Flying Circus — at I can only describe this as a sincere attempt to capture that "classic rock" feeling, which is fine — I just think that road has been travelled too often and is sadly stuck in

rush hour traffic. Great recording, great packaging, just not for me. I get the same feeling as I do when I hear Age of Electric. I hear some Bowie influences on the vocals, overall a mellow classic rock ensemble. Does anyone know where Vedder Crossing is? (P.O. Box 1034 Vedder Crossing, B.C. V2R 3N7).

Jeff's Cat Bob — *Move Your Platte* At first this tape just went right by me — but by the third listen I was quite intrigued. Sort of a fusion attempt of music — weird tempo changes — ranging from mellow Mission of Burma parts to fast hardcore type parts. I especially love the mellow/mid tempo parts, really jerky with a lot of mood. Overall I'd expect this band to be on a label like Touch and Go, just 'cause of their weird approach to music. (c/o Harpden Records P.O. Box 92367 Milwaukee, WI 53202).

APARTMENT



14

Apartment 14 — demo A heavy U2 influence here — *Joshua Tree* era, which is good 'cause if they sounded anything like the new U2 I would puke. The vocalist at times sounds more like the male equivalent to the singer of Concrete Blonde when she sings mellow songs. (39N Stratford Ave, Burnaby B.C. V5B 1L1).

Clubber Lang

This band comes from Seattle, but doesn't worry, it's not grunge. All 4 songs on this demo are quite different from each other — sometimes I hear an early RREHOUSE influence, and sometimes more poppy, like say, Severin or Treepore. Overall, it was



Clubber Lang

quite catchy but more songs would have made this better. Check it out — cool graphic on the cover. (P.O. Box 19613 Seattle, WA 98109-9991).

Rabo Diabolo

— *Ravings of an Es-Bureaucrat* It could be quite easy for me to just write this off as shit — but I'll try to go into detail. Quite annoying — talking dialogue over a Casio keyboard and a heavy overdose of effects. Negativland sometimes uses these same techniques, but they do it more blatantly and in the fun, creating humour. Sadly, dear Rabo Diabolo gets boring, and loses my attention. (Box 57008, East Hastings Postal Office 2458 East Hastings St. Vancouver B.C. V5K 5G6).

Dadawab

— *Love Revolution* Reggae from the Island — I never caught the excitement of reggae so I'm sort of lost on comparison between the obvious (Marley) — I just remember having Reggae music blared in my ears when recording shopping at a store and getting a big headache, so what can I say? If you like reggae and you want to check out some Vancouver Island talent — then by all means, pick it up. (P.O. Box 5854 Station B Victoria B.C. V8R 6S8).

MECCA NORMAL



Mecca Normal

— *Flood Plain* I haven't seen this dust since they opened for Foguzi last summer — (sure, it was arena rock, but it was still \$6.00 and what can you do when a band gets as big as Foguzi?) Have small private invite only shows for the "cool" people in the know? Anyways... You may not have been able to capture their intensity in that anything but intimate performance, but believe me they are intense. One of Vancouver's most underrated bands who seem to have a rather large following elsewhere. Sort of the same situation as Skinny Puppy. So wake up, catch them while you can. This new release captures the frantic and tweaked guitar playing of David Lester and uses multiple vocal tracks to accentuate that beautiful and disturbing vocal style of Jean Smith. Lyrically enlightening — I hate reviews that tell you what

each song is about, but you'll definitely find some lyrics that question society's standards, stereotypes and "progress." I like it.

FANZINES

Do Double Digest

(5 1/2 x 8 1/2 — 28 pgs.) I guess living in Kelowna can really fuck with the way you look at things cause these zine really goes weird. Lots of word play, silly stories that kinda go nowhere and all the time it seems that 1) either you (the reader) are always one step behind on the joke, or 2) the editor, Sandy (c/o 'x'fro' zine) is really messed-up. And I like it, it's quite clever and entertaining — sort of like a suburban-humouristic punchline, they spent a lot of time being silly. Hell, Sandy even threw in a made photo of him self just for us here at *Discorder*. Fun layout, personal feel, and it's actually two 'zines in one — clever! (24034, 1580 Water St., Kelowna B.C. V1Y 9P9).

Yum #4 & #5

(8 1/2 x 11 — 10 pgs. each) The personality really shines with this zine, the random thoughts of the two editors laid-out adrift comic strip and magazine cut-outs — it's like whenever a thought comes to their minds, they just spit it down and at the end of the month they find these notes, type them and copy them. I've never seen a zine like this, simple but interesting — kinda cute, if that weren't such a sucky word. Cool 'Kill Models' theme issue in #5, I wish I could give some criticism — but I like it just the way it is. (6503 Beaver Creek Kamloops, B.C. V2C 4V2).

Gunk #1

(8 1/2 x 11 — 10 pgs.) A bunch of comics, doodlings and a short story. That's it — really. I think that a lot more could have been squished into this issue. I like the 'I'm a nerd, you're a nerd, we're all nerds' type of feel, I just think there should have been more. I liked the jerky lay-out which made you read each page 3 times to follow all 3 stories — kinda confused me and then I saw me go "hearts." Sort of felt like this zine was written during a boring day at school — and knowing how that is I know there could have been more. (2833 Springland Dr. Ontario, Ontario K1V 9S7).

Anal Society #2

(8 1/2 x 11 — 32 pgs.) A bit of this, a bit of that — music reviews, and opinions and stories. I think a lot of people contributed to this zine, writing some weird stories and erotica. Rooster fighting, sex stories, an article on pot/herp. Highlights include story by someone from Naked Aggression who tried to get a job as a houseboy at a S&M house, and the best story is about two guys who took it as a duty to harass Michael Stipe while they lived in Athens, GA — fuckin' hilarious. A great review of Fugazi and how it compares to the real thing. A bit of something for everybody. (c/o FIA 16910 NE 8th St. N. Miami Beach, FL 33162).

Emut #1

(8 1/2 x 11 — 20 pgs.) A new local zine by a group of friends who moved here from Ottawa, interesting. Hille and even Todd's Rat Boy and filling rest with opinions (like all zines). Of course I can't agree with everyone's opinions but sometimes the writers (i.e. icon) become the real contradictory as in talking about sexism/racist girl — on one hand saying he supports them and then joking about how he better get laid at a S14 shop or how Tribe 8 are cool 'cause useless dykes turn him on. The layout was really dry — and I know it just first issue, so I'll lay off — remember, reducing print on a photocopier is cheap and saves money (and trees!) and gives more space for interesting layouts. (PO Box 2499 Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3W7).

Hairshirt #2

(5 1/2 x 8 1/2 — 26 pgs.) This issue to be called Baldy Button Limb, but if you're like me, you probably never heard of it, so in with the new. Sure punks, socks that get lost in the laundry, a night of bingo, some silly poetry, newspaper clippings and 10 pages of 'Winnie the Pooh' goes to a Day Glo Abnigues gift. I don't know—maybe I have a short attention span, but the Winnie the Pooh thing was a bit too long. I related this zine to the kid who drew silly blubs around the photos of a school textbook, or draws moustaches on all the people. Not too deep— not overly amusing, a good attempt that probably hits more at home with the friends of the editor. (RR2, Station Rd. c-28, Hefley Creek, B.C. V0E 1Z0).

Viscosity Breakdown #1

(5 1/2 x 8 1/2 — 20 pgs.) Thumbs up to this premier issue — quite unique in its approach to doing a fanzine. First off, the pages turn lengthwise rather than widthwise then, on every page there is a column of quotes from various sources. The layout is a great mixture of laser-print text and graphics making this political-type (isn't everything political?) zine quite enjoyable. The sarcastic humour defi-



brain solvent for your pre-programmed life.

nity benefits the zine — things like "10 Signs That You're An Employee," "How To Sell Your Soul In Six Easy Steps," "Consensus Reality And The Caramilk Secret" and of course "Pick Your Righteous Material!" — so what are you waiting for? Pick this one up — I understand that the editor is the same person who made those stickers to make egg advertisement read: "I'm Having Triple Coronary By-Pass Surgery Today!" (c/o 515-916 West Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. V5C 1K7).

Haroc #12

(8 1/2 x 11 — 20 pgs.) It is great there's a number of zines that come out quite regularly; this seems to be one that comes out every 2 months. Of course I enjoy the waste of... oh, I mean 'spacious layout', but I'm getting colder and colder to sticking my foot in my mouth because this zine has come a long way and still keeps on going. Music reviews, zine reviews, stuff on Negativland, fiction and essays—hey, it's free even to send (\$17) by mail or go to BLAST, POP, or Spacuous for free. (PO Box 88547 Surrey, B.C. V3W 0X1).



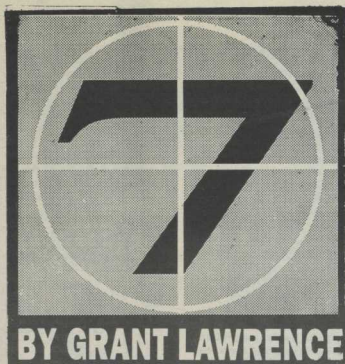
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Happy New Year.

Pluto is one of the best new bands I've heard from Vancouver in years. Seriously. Their debut 7", entitled simply "Pretty Little Jackies" b/w "Rock Candy" is two songs of instantly catchy pop finesse. From the get-go, the guitar riff-refrain in "Pretty Little Jackies" has classic hook potential, not to mention the song's overall stability as a fine, thoroughly melodic song. The flipside's "Rock Candy" is as good or better, with an outstanding vocal track that makes it hard to believe these guys are a brand new band. This single, which has debuted in a humble, quiet light has the energy and quality of past Vancouver greatness such as the Young Canadians, as well as the contemporary stylings of indie pop influences like Teenage Fanclub. Obvious comparisons aside, this record proves to be a short, concise, to-the-point single of near-perfect pop potential. (Pop-gum, PO Box #244-1857 W. 4th Ave, Vancouver, B.C. V6J 1M4)

I bought this next one on a complete whim due to a shortage of things to review... Surprise! It didn't turn out to be a bad gamble, but it's one of the Rockville label rarely are. **Freerblanket** have cranked out two tunes, "Twisted" b/w "Hang-Glider," of loud, angst-choked "college" guitar-rock...you know, that Replacement-Fire-Unit-Type type stuff. Good stuff, really. (Rockville, PO Box 800, Rockville Center, NY, NY, 11571 USA)

In my excited wee mits at the mo' is the new three song 7" of the **Stand GT's** auspicious American debut on Seattle's Top Drawer Records. How can I put this bluntly? How "best" this excellent crash 'n' burn pop-punk of the most 'n' potatos, backwoods Ontario variety! And although that's wholeheartedly the god's honest truth, my one complaint of the Stand has always been their barbed vocals and lo-fi production. And though still evident here, this is definitely their sharpest sounding outing yet. It also helps that all three songs are killer as well. Included on the B-side is a pop-core revamp of the classic Pogues hit "If I Should Fall From Grace With God." Buy. (Top Drawer, 1912 Franklin Ave. E., Seattle, WA, 98105, 2613, USA)

The bastard son of all that is swollen speed-a-billy punk with a New Bomb Turks are back with a

two song slab of tweaked, over-driven minimalist snoot-rock. Apparently re-recorded in Billy Childish's kitchen, where Billy and his Headcoats record all their albums, these two covers, "Bottle Island" and "Youngblood" (a Childish tune) just don't cut it in the sound quality department. And after one's had the taste of the Turk's vicious *Destroy-Oh-Boy LP*, this is a disappointment. (Damaged Goods, PO Box 671, London, England, E17 6NF)

What does work, however, is the fantastic new 7" from **Billy Childish** along with his co-heads **Thee Headcoats**, no-doubt recorded in the same kitchen mentioned above. But where NBT come out half-baked, Childish has used his years of culinary experience to serve up one of his patented "punk rock classics." The guitar has never been crisper, the bass is booming, and the drummer rock and don't stop. Go ahead and spin the A-side's "When You Stop Lovin' Me" and try not to boogoo along over the room with an invisible Russ Meyer Girl. And to catch your breath, flip it over and cool down with the Link Wray-esque "Papa Doc." An excellent record in and a confirmation to this critique that the Childish One still has it. The early punk/new wave-looking sleeve photo is classic as well (Sub-Pop).

But good things must come to an ugly end, and that's where **Rust Bucket** come in. Somebody should tell these guys that they have blatantly stolen Tacoma's Meat Records (Fitz of Depression, Seaweed, Thorsen) logo as cover art! The music? Well, it's slightly melodic punk metal. Sorta vaguely like my faves, Screaming Wessel, if they were a really shitty metal core band. Peccataaaaa! And return Meat's logo, you bastards! (PO Box 57-8935, Chicago, IL 60657, USA)

Here's more stuff from Chicago from a "band" called **Conducent**. Nardwaz told me not to look this one over cuz "it could be mo!" Nardly, you have never been so wrong. This stuff is very odd techno-synth-dance with a beat that drags at mid-tempo throughout. The rappy vocals are almost reminiscent of Sir Tom Waits (47 last month and fantastic in *Short Cuts*). And besides the two long hypnotizers on the vinyl, the single also comes with a thick pamphlet detailing "The

Conducent Odyssey" that was far too long and had way too many big words for me to read. If this stuff computes to your liking, write Zadruck Noises, 3468 South 119th St., West Allis, WI, 53227, USA.

In the luck department this month, I was extremely fortunate to receive in the mail, free of charge, with no duty attached, the new **Melvins** single. Now, of course, I ain't the biggest Melvins fan in the world, but this particular 7" happens to be packaged in original Kozik art work. For those in the dark, Kozik is an American pop-culture artist (out of L.A., I think) who, among various things, designs huge, amazing, full-color, silk-screened posters for happenin' rock gigs at a rather notorious East L.A. club called the Jabberjaw. Kozik has also been known to do a few posters for the Sub Pop Lane Tent, as well. His art often uses very bright colours, centred around cool cartoon characters in the classic Warner Bros. tradition, all the while mixing in gig information. Anyway, not only did he do an ultra-artistic number on the stunning (but impossible to open) sleeve, he also did the dookey-wha-dooing artwork inside, a full-colour picture disc featuring a he and she devil. Now this is the ultimate 7" packaging...

Oh yeah, the music! Well, as I said about 200 words ago, I'm not a huge Melvins fan, so in this case, as stupid as it sounds, the music is beside the point. Unless, of course, you're a Melvins fan. For the uninitiated, the Melvins are really dirty, slow, grinding punk, reminding me of when I didn't like Superconductor. One more thing: this record is done with permission from Atlantic, the Melvins' new MAJOR label. (Rise Records, 210-2116 Gaudyplex, Austin, TX 78705, U.S.A.)

The two latest reviews of the month are ten inches, that format that not only refuses to die, but gets trendier and trendier. The first is a 6-song EP from **Jack O' Fire** entitled *Six Shock Soul Songs*. And that pretty much sums it up, I guess. But if you need a definite explanation, it's warped blues from the depths of the Mississippi bayou; sorta like Robert Johnson backed by the Mummies. The songs are all covers, ranging from Willie Dixon's classic "Seventh Son" to the Pretty Things "Judgement Night." The lack of originals don't really matter none, cuz I'm sure Jack O' Fire's own tunes would only be ripped-off (in the most respectful way, of course) versions of these very songs. Great sleeve art, as well: classic '50's horror-Halloween smut mock-up from the ever pleasing Art Chantry. (Entrux, P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227, U.S.A.)

And yes, the last review is a 10" from North Carolina's **Southern Culture On The Skids**. Another 6-songer, these are sizzlin', country-tinged, '50's-style rock 'n' roll romps from the nuttist (dare I say "inbred") trio in the South. "Girlfight" is the sure-fire hit—dig that snare sound!—and "Twistin' (On a Red Hot Spike)" and the hill-billy swingin' "Whole Lotta Things" fair damn well also. This record is also a first in the apparent swell of 10" from Sympathy For The Record Industry including platters by such hit-makers as the Devil Dogs, the Shitbirds and Man or Astro Man?, so keep yer rock eyes peeled!! See ya!

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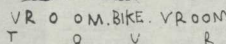
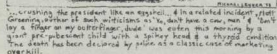


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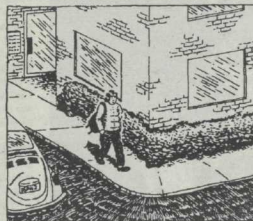
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COMIX**

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OF COMMUTER TRAFFIC!



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BLACK RESIDENTS DON'T WANT WHITE
AT THE 1ST OF JULY FIREWORKS. WHITE
RESIDENTS DON'T WANT BLACKS AT THE
MALCOLM X ACADEMY GRAMMER SCHOOL,
AND NOBODY WANTS TO GET CAUGHT MESSIN'
WITH THE MALICE GREEN SHRINE -
THE SIGHT OF LAST YEAR'S BRUTAL
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HANDS OF 3 WHITE POLICE OFFICERS?



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THREE 20-YEAR VETERANS OF
THE DETROIT POLICE FORCE IN
COURT WITHOUT A SHRED OF
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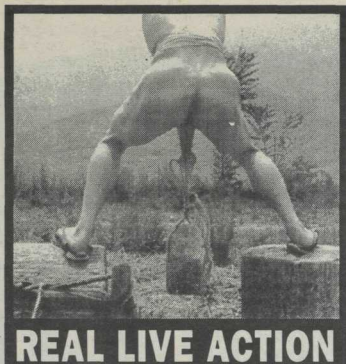


CAT HEAD
SOUP

AND THIS IS THE
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C464



REAL LIVE ACTION

**All My Name
The Lemons
Cruel Elephant
Saturday, November 27**

In games of word association, the word "lemon," as in the fruit, brings to mind other words like yellow, citrus, and sour. In a similar way, the word "Lemons," as in the band, brings to mind one word: suck. Their minuscule stage energy was easily summed up by the weak-kneed guitar who seemed to believe the closer his guitar was to the ground, the better his solo. Fortunately, their set did not take forever and like most of the unimpressed crowd, I wandered out of the smoky room, in search of air.

My Name was a definite improvement over the Lemons. Their music was very easy to move to and the band's energy resulted in a good live show. The bass player was very skilled, incorporating slaps into his bass lines. One couldn't help but be impressed by the singer and guitarist who successfully synchronized their stage jumps.

All, the headlining band, was a total disappointment. Although they proved slightly more interesting live than their latest release *Breaking Things*, which I had heard once or twice, I still found them quite

generic and their songs indistinguishable from each other. Some people, obviously better fans of All than I, were content to hear their old favorites and the Descendants covers that jostled the crowd.

In theory, each band in a lineup is supposed to be progressively better than the last. The Lemons made this very easy for My Name to achieve. I was disappointed by All, who, being the headlining band, should have been an improvement on My Name. In fact, the only thing that really made this show fun at all, was the conversations I had with the singer of My Name, who was cool, and later, with the singer of the Lemons, who proved himself to be quite a jerk. I guess I couldn't expect too much depth from a show whose headlining band's t-shirts proudly display the slogan "Keep Your Politics Out of My Music," but their precocious justification for a "joke" about child abuse would offend anyone's conscience, regardless of their political opinions. I didn't realize that people past puberty still say "I make sexist and racist jokes, but I'm not sexist or racist." You're cool.

In short, the high ticket price got me one good band, one okay band and one that lived up to its name. Oh, and three cheers to the

Cruel Elephant for making us wait outside for half an hour. Hip, Hip, Hoory.

Trisha Kelly

**The Buzzcocks
Thrill Squad
Commodore Ballroom
Saturday, November 27**

The ol' Commodore looked especially beautiful on this frosty evening, all turtled up in rosy colours and twinkly chandeliers. Once upon a time young folk gathered here and actually ballroom danced, twirling about flushed with passion. Tonight the kids crammed in to slam to the Buzzcocks because they are so easy to love. The crowd looked to me like characters out of an animated *Wind in the Willows* movie riding in mod attire, aging but not slowing down. Lead singer Pete Shelley looks like Mr. Mole all punked up. The harmonies he croons with badmate Steve Diggle seem so soaring and effortless. With a couple TV screens behind them featuring scenes of sex, violence, destruction and more sex, the Buzzcocks themselves were hard to focus on but they didn't seem to mind being upstaged. The music is all about forgetting about star worship and just slamming around to three minute pop-punk songs. They even seemed grateful, if not overwhelmed, with west coast appreciation commenting that they wish they were as popular at home (in England) as they are here. Two women in particular couldn't restrain themselves and got up on stage three different times and danced and flailed about in that way that drunk people do, miraculously never hurting anyone. Bonus points go to the Buzzcocks for not letting the bouncers shove them off stage. Songs were played from the newest release *Trade Test Transmission*, but the crowd only went wild for the classics, which is okay because the latest Buzzcocks release isn't as splendid as their old stuff.

As for Thrill Squad, the genesis of Thrill Squad was Go Four Three, the band that played at my companions' high school dance at Seaview in North Van way back in '86. All I could think of during their set was that their music

wouldn't be out of place on the "Pretty in Pink" soundtrack.

Kiray

**Liz Phair
Backstage Club, Seattle, WA.
Monday, November 29**

I was overjoyed to find out by fluke that my absolute favorite anti-rock star Liz Phair was performing in Seattle. There was no question about making the pilgrimage. Liz Phair! The patron saint of the desolate heartbroken female. Yet she rises above it both musically with strength, beauty, intelligence, objectivity and integrity.

In spite of the fact the music industry is circling around her like moths to a flame, her emerging trademark is a rejection of, or more aptly an indifference to, the excesses of rock 'n' roll life. "I don't have a manager, and I don't intend to get one. I just don't want to be bothered. I don't like this lifestyle and I'm going to surmount it," proclaims Liz.

Disorder tried to arrange an interview with Liz, but we were told she doesn't give interviews. The reason? Unknown and unexplained. Semi-relieved I wouldn't have to undergo the terrifying experience of meeting her, I gravitated toward an empty space near the side of the stage in the packed (and distinctly ungrungy) Seattle house.

Who I should I end up standing next to? I'm sure L. Browne and D. Hillman are dying to know), but David fucking Geffen and his ravishing for bedded girlfriend. At first all I could think of was how to get his attention. Maybe he'd buy me a drink, sign my band, make me famous, spirit me away in his private jet...and infinitum. *[All nervous - Ed.]* I was so engrossed in my daydream (in which I was cavorting with DG, pool side, of course) that I hardly noticed Liz Phair's first two songs, nor did I attract the attention of the man.

Suddenly, I experienced an awakening. My ego receded as Liz Phair and her back up band (perfect candidates for Sassy's cute band alert) infused and ravished me with their true, true melodies.

Her songs are classic in that they improve and grow richer with each listening. Not even the most hard-hearted of listeners can resist becoming deeply attached to the songs from *Exile in Guyville*. Liz's honesty wholly overshadowed any lack of refinement that threatened the musical continuity at times. She's been cited as an "unfocused live talent." This could be construed as true, but it's obvious she's evolving

out of her self-consciousness quickly. And so she should for she's well endowed with a winsome stage personality, a magnificent voice, and a genius for writing great songs. Conservative and unimposing Liz Phair doesn't need or want the trappings of success and fame. David Geffen and all the backwoods men-children in Guyville can go soak their heads. They quiver in their boots when faced with a REAL woman.

I began to feel ashamed of my previous frivolities. After all, who needs to be anything but a woman, her human nature (for better or worse), and her guitar, just as Liz Phair is. The rapport between the band and audience was so warm and intimate (as is her music) I nearly blushed. As the last note lingered in the air, my cup runneth over.

Kimberley J.



Greg Dulli of the Afghan Whigs.
Photo by Derek vonEssen

**Poster Children
Spinanes
Starfish Club
Thursday, December 2**

Due to it being the opening night of the Starfish Club, the new owners seemed eager to please. The pint was flowing for \$2.50 and the spirits were high until the tap broke. The keg was fixed with a few minutes later and the peace was restored.

Sub Pop's new flavour of the week, The Spinanes, expressed their punctuality by finishing their set before I had even arrived. The story I was told was that they were an interesting novelty band, whose novelty died off after about three songs. How much fun can guitar and drums be anyway? *[I guess you've never heard of Deja Voodoo either my young and, oh so, oppressed child? - Ed.]*

Poster Children started by declaring "We're from Illinois and we're not gonna stop rocking until you all leave." Words of champions.

Rose, the dancing-metal-queen-rocker-goddess-bassist was showing off her

new hair do, posing poses even '80's glam rock stars couldn't imitate. She is a person who plays music because it's in her soul, you see. As for the rest of the band, they were tight and fun. A true head-shaking, foot-stomping rock 'n' roll fest. They lost their drummer earlier this year, but they found a new one sitting in a phone booth — a true twist of fate. All in all everyone left satisfied. Geek rock is alive, catch the fever.

Captain Highliner

**Skydiggers
Ruse Chronicles
Commodore Ballroom
Friday, December 3**

So, I finally got to see the Ruse Chronicles. After anticipating something pretty interesting because of all the hype surrounding this band, I must say I was pretty disappointed. The guitarist hides behind elaborate effects. Neither the drummer or the bassist strike me as particularly spectacular. The singer, however, does have an amazingly enchanting voice. This is the only thing which holds the band together. Otherwise they are bland and unoriginal. Plus their stage attitude is totally condescending and arrogant.

Next were the Skydiggers who put on a great performance. Their attitude on stage was friendly, down to earth and really receptive to the audience. The excitement for this band was so strong that the dance floor was literally shaking.

The Skydiggers are a blend of country and folk, sounding a bit too much like REM. But what made this show so cool

wasn't just the music, but the good feeling and the positive energy they generated. I really had a good time, and I think everybody there would share that opinion.

Tee Kay

**Afghan Whigs
Town Pump
Thursday, December 9**

Before I entered the Town Pump that cool December night, I went to a nearby watering hole for cheap drinks and began contemplating what makes a good rock concert. Simple, good music, and a good band-audience chemistry are the essential ingredients for an enchanted evening. The problem is most bands have the attitude that they've been touring for months and don't give a shit about what town they're in or who they're playing for.

The Afghan Whigs are one of the first bands I've seen that haven't given this in the worst attitude to the crowd. It almost seemed like they were having fun for the very same that reason most bands are formed — to cure the boredom and have a good time.



Chad Price of All. Photo by Eric Thorlessen



CHAR-TS

JANUARY 94 LONG VINYL 50

1 CUB	BETH-COLA	MINT
2 SEAWED	FOUR	SUB POP
3 FACEPULLER	AUDITORY SURGICAL TECHNICIANS	BANG ON
4 SCRAWL	VEHET HAMMER	SIMPLE MACHINES
5 ERIC'S TRIP	LOVE LARA	SUB POP
6 VARIOUS ARTISTS	NO ALTERNATIVE	ARISTA
7 COCTEAU TWINS	FOUR-CALENDAR CAFE	FONTANA
8 MECCA NORMAL	FLOOD PLAN	K
9 VARIOUS ARTISTS	THE MINT IS STILL A TERRIBLE THING...	MINT
10 TENAGE FANCLUB	THIRTEEN	GEFFEN
11 SHRU	SOMETHING GREEN AND LEAFY...	EPIC/AM
12 SUPERCOOLIDER	DUAL	EMERGE
13 THE SPINAVES	MANOS	SUB POP
14 MAZZY STAR	SO TONIGHT THAT I MIGHT SEE	CAPITOL
15 VARIOUS ARTISTS	CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD	GRASS
16 ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT	ALL SYSTEMS GO	HEADHUNTER
17 THE HAZLER TRO	ALL THAT RIES MUST CONVERGE	GREY
18 YO LA TENGO	PANFURY	MATADOR
19 MACHINERY	DEAD ON THE ROAD	RAW ENERGY
20 LOS	STRUMPER	K
21 POLYHEMUS	SCRAPEBOOK OF MADNESS	BEGGARS BANQUET
22 SWEETDEIVER	MEDICAL HEAD	AMM
23 THE DEAD MUMKEN	NOT RICHARD, BUT DICK	HOLLYWOOD
24 ASHTRAY BOY	THE HONEYMOON SUITE	FEEL
25 ROSE CHRONICLES	DEAD AND GONE TO HEAVEN	NETTWERK
26 MACHINERY	CURE FOR PAIN	PRYOR/CISC
27 VARIOUS ARTISTS	FLEX YOUR HEAD	DISCHORD
28 DEAD CAN DANCE	INTO THE LABYRINTH	4AD
29 X-103	ATLANTIS	POW WOW
30 2P/GUN	BALTIMORE	EMPTY
31 ARCHERS OF LOAF	KICK MITTLE	ALIAS

Vocalist/guitarist Greg Dulli's stage presence was ominous and all consuming—a true character. Crowd members who spoke obnoxiously were ridiculed and squashed like a grape by his iron-fisted fist. Upon receiving a request by a drunken audience member for a dose of Rolling Stones, the Whigs were more than happy to kick into a free-form version of Jumping Jack Flash.

The band played new songs off *Gentlemen*, but did not forget *Congregation*, *Up In It*, and the '70's soul cover song EP, *Uptown Avondale*. They also delighted the crowd with versions of Hall & Oates' "Man-Eater" and Pavement's "In the Mouth of a Desert."

The Afghan Whigs played with soul. They were happy and upbeat at times, but generally the mood was dark and introspective. Every time Greg Dulli sang a verse, he was bleeding from his heart and unlocking secrets from his soul. My roommate once told me he sang like Tom Cochrane. It's never been the same since.

Tim H.

The Best Kissers in the World

Town Pump
Wednesday, December 15
In an ideal world, The Best Kissers in the World would be more popular than New Kids on the Block and their concerts would be packed by screaming teenage girls fanning along to their songs.

In reality things rarely turn out that way and instead they played a wonderful concert for a hundred and fifty people. I don't know for a fact that they are the best kissers in the world, but I'm quite certain that they are one of the finest bands I have seen so far.

They kicked the show off with "Picking Flowers" from their previous EP and after that it was non-stop high energy rock and roll at its best. Their songs are filled with sonic abrasion made up of distorted guitar and sweet melodies that even my grandmother can groove to. And of course, their lyrics are meant to fulfill the teenage angst that exists or is left over

32 DAS EFX	FRSANT	EASTWEST
33 K.D. LANG	EVEN COWGIRLS GET THE BLUES	WARNER
34 THE THREE KILL KULT	13 ABOVE THE NIGHT	INTERSCOPE
35 VARIOUS ARTISTS	IN DEFENSE OF ANIMALS	RESTLESS
36 DE LA SOUL	BULDOZER MINDSTATE	TOMMY BOY
37 THE WONDERSTUFF	CONSTRUCTION FOR THE MODERN IDIOT	POLYDOR
38 BIG STAR	LIVE AT COLUMBIA	BMG
39 GREETER 3X	OUTTA SIGHT	EMPTY
40 KMFDM	ANGST	WAX TRAX
41 RADIAL SPANGLE	ICE CREAM HEADACHE	BEGGARS BANQUET
42 GOODSTAR	SLEEPER	TAANG
43 IDAHO	YEAR AFTER YEAR	CAROLINE
44 SLUDGE	COQUILUM	WALL
45 THE NIGHTBLOOMS	24 DAYS AT CATASTROPHE CAFE	SEED
46 UNCLE RUPELO	ANACHRON	SIRE
47 SCREECHING WHEEL	ANTHEM FOR A NEW TOMORROW	LOOKOUT
48 HEAVENLY	P.U.N.K. GBL	K
49 ORBITAL	ORBITAL 2	WAX TRAX
50 HOT ROD	SPEED DANGER DEATH	CAROLINE

JANUARY 94 SHORT VINYL 35

1 LUETO	PRETTY LITTLE JACKET 7"	PORCUPINE
2 JALE	EMMA 7"	DERIVATIVE
3 THIRNOING FELLER'S UNION...	ADMONISHING THE BISHOPS EP	MATADOR
4 BRON KILL	NEW RADIO 7"	KILL ROCK STARS
5 BOB CENTS AND NATALIE	BOYFRIENDS 7"	HARBET
6 CHICKEN TRAP	YOU GET NOTHING 7"	WHISKY SOUR
7 GUS	TIMES SQUARE 7"	NO. 6
8 RIGER TRAP	SOUR GRASS EP	CARGO
9 IDS	BEAUTIFUL THINGS 7"	MERGE
10 CAT FOOD	LOST CAUSE 7"	CARVING KNEE
11 CROWDELL	MEANI 7"	JETTISON
12 RAOUCL	FRESH AND NURLE 7"	LOOKOUT
13 THORSEN	EGG'S SAGA 7"	MEAT
14 GINGER	GINGER EP	NETTWERK
15 LISTER LOVENS	PAULA STOP PRETENDING 7"	HORRIFYING CRISIS
16 FIFTH COLUMN	ALL WOMEN ARE BITCHES	K
17 THE SMEARS	KICKED MY BUTT 7"	HELL YEAH
18 STEREO LAB/UNREST	SPLIT 7"	TENBEAT
19 SOAP JOH HENSHI	BYON DE GO 7"	SCRATCH
20 LORETE VELVETE	EAGER BOY 7"	SINGLES
21 THE HENDS	ZOMBIE A-GO-GO 7"	PRIMITIVE
22 MECCA NORMAL	ECHO 7"	JETTISON
23 ROK	SOLSA 7"	K
24 THE APPLES	THE BRINGS ME DOWN 7"	PLACERO
25 RUDICER	THE PIG WAS COOL 7"	TOUCH AND GO
26 PERFECT HELLER	PERFECT HELLER 7"	CORUGATED WHEAT
27 CATHERINE WHEEL	SHOW ME MARY 7"	FONTANA
28 PANTY DIVISION	TOUCH MY JOE CAMEL 7"	LOOKOUT
29 VICTIMS FAMILY	MAYBE I... 7"	ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES
30 DELIAH	DELAH 7"	MEAT
31 THE ODD NUMBERS	SO MANY GIRLS 7"	EIGHT ONE ONE
32 PORK QUEEN	PORK QUEEN 7"	TRACKSHUN
33 BUTT TRUMPET	THE WORLD IS ROUND 7"	HARBET/SIMPLE MACHINES
34 BLUM	CRUSH/RAIL 7"	PAINT CHIP
35 GUS	GUS 7"	HEADRUSH

in all of us. Unfortunately, the show was only an hour long, but I am sure that their songs will continue to reverberate in my ears for a lot longer than that.

Vince Yeh

Nomeansno The Loved One Pigment Vehicle Commodore Ballroom Saturday December 18

It wasn't until an hour before showtime that I even decided to go downtown, and consequently the show was sold out when I arrived. A big raspberry to the very un-punk rock scalper who was charging \$25 a ticket (a \$15 mark-up at the door; I left for a few hours before coming back to buy an extra ticket off of an acquaintance. Yeah, so shoot me for missing the opening bands. I'm sorry.

Nomeansno's set was a good mix of old and new tunes, most of them sung by Rob Wright, whose

thick bass dominated the mix for most of the night. Tom Holliston performed adequately on guitar, insuring that the band's nerd quotient was not diluted with his glasses strap (tres chic!) and contorted face grimacing. Among my personal highlights: a bone-crushing version of "Red Devil" which featured two drummers (he stayed on for the rest of the night... polyrhythmania!), "The River," and a massively cathartic performance of "Kill Everyone Now."

As usual, the best part of the show was the home-town joking-around feel, as both Wright brothers seemed to be enjoying their first Vancouver gig in a long time. I've never seen such a sincere round of yelling and foot-stomping that erupted after the last encore: it's good to see that those who've put so much into the local scene over the years are getting some heartfelt appreciation. And y'know why? It's 'cause they're "punk... as... fuck!"

Rory Tait

JANUARY 94 INDIE HOME JOBS

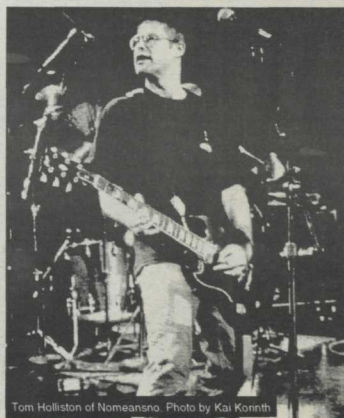
1 SPANKMARKER	SPEAKING OF HERDIES
2 MEET DADY	SHINY
3 VIO CHAMPION	SEVEN FORTY SEVEN
4 TIGER BEAT	ONE DOZEN HAPPY DAYS
5 TICKLE TRUNK	REVOLUTION
6 NSGMA	LEARN
7 BLASE PASCAL	SPOTLIGHT KID
8 SURDUSTERS	SAVE THE WAVES
9 WAX (FROM HORSE)	SPRING CHICKEN
10 CURTS	JULIANA
11 10 DAYS LATE	UPON THE ROOF
12 HUGO	TIME OF DAY
13 ASHES	ROOFTOP
14 GOAT BOY	DEAD
15 10 FEET TALL	ROUND ONE
16 FIELD DAY	PET
17 SICKO	FB SONG
18 THE REAL MCKENZIES	I AM A SCOT
19 SISTER LOVERS	DREAMING
20 RUMPLESTULSKIN	BRAND NEW WAY

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1 THE RISING SONS	AFGHAN ACID	XPERIMENTAL/USA
2 UP ABOVE THE WORLD	TRYING TO REACH YOU	EXIST DANCE/USA
3 THE PRODIGY	ONE LOVE EP	XL/UK
4 BIOCHP C	C8 EP	FORCE INC/GERMANY
5 MIND CANDY	IN GONG MAD	INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH/USA
6 TECHNOHEAD	THE PASSION EP	REACT/UK
7 LISA GOLD	UPSILITE EP	TENSION/USA
8 FORCE MASS MOTION	SONIC SOURCE EP	RABBIT CITY/GERMANY
9 CJ ROLLAND	CAMARQUE (DEMOES)	RAUS/GERMANY
10 TOHWAHORI	FUCKING HARTCORE	HART TRACKS/GERMANY

DINOSAUR ROCK DISORDER CHARTS 10 YEARS AGO

1 VIOLENT FEMMES	VIOLENT FEMMES
2 KING KUNNY AGE & HIS AFRICAN BEATS	SYNCHRON-SYSTEM
3 CHICKA THE BUNNYMEN	PORCUPINE
4 THE MEMBERS	UPPHITMA DOWNBEAT
5 DEAD KENNEDYS	PLASTIC SURGERY DISASTERS
6 ENIGMAS	ENIGMAS EP
7 MALCOLM MCLAREN	DUCK ROCK
8 SPEAR OF DESTINY	GRAPES OF WRATH
9 SHREKBACK	CARE
10 X	MORE FUN IN THE NEW WORLD



Tom Holliston of Nomeansno. Photo by Kai Korhonen



Various Artists Born To Choose (Rykodisc)

A release like this can't be analysed for just the music on it. If you're contemplating purchasing *Born To Choose*, you should be aware that its purpose is as a benefit for several American pro-choice and women's health groups (NARAL, BWARE and WHAM!). This carries two implications. First, what about Canadian organizations? Are any of the proceeds going to directly stay in the jurisdiction which comprises approximately 10% of the buying market? Second, if you're on the pro-life side should you buy this release? I guess you'll have to decide how much this music really means to you. As a pro-choice supporter I wouldn't have a problem making such a purchase, but I was disappointed to see the extremity of the arguments used in favour of the abortion rights movement included in the booklet sized liner notes. Still, with organizations like Operation Rescue, an equally polar extreme, perhaps this is justifiable.

The quality of the music is certainly less debatable. No question, it's excellent. Rykodisc has released yet another great compilation: new songs and live recordings from the past couple of years, although never before released. Highlights abound, including R.E.M. and Natalie Merchant's teaming for a song that is on par with many of R.E.M.'s best; Sugar and Soundgarden are live and aggressive as ever; Pavement is catchy but maybe underappreciated in light of their contribution to the AIDS benefit disc, *No Alternative*; and the Mekons, Cowboy Junkies, John Trudell and five others all turn in stellar performances.

Another good quality about this release is that it has some flow. It doesn't sound thrown together like many other compilations. The order is well set with song groupings of similar genres smoothly flowing into others (except, perhaps, going from the Cowboy Junkies to Soundgarden isn't the best transition) making *Born To Choose* a good overall listen.

Brian Wieser

The Gun Club Lucky Jim (Triple X)

For those too unfortunate to have never heard the Gun Club try to imagine Jim Hendrix being born in 1961 instead of 1942, and growing up in the California night listening to punk rock. Try to imagine he, Robert Johnson, Chet Baker and Jim Morrison forming a punk band. That is the Gun Club.

Jim has the emotional force of the blues, yet only two of the songs are what anyone would consider as "traditional" blues. Jeffrey Lee Pierce is single-handedly dragging the demon child of the Mississippi delta kicking and screaming into the nineties. Bluesy, crunchy, moody and sad—the perfect rainy day Vancouver record; the perfect Gun Club record.

Remember, a Gun Club album is not merely a collection of songs but a work of art. Stand out tracks: "Lucky Jim," "Idiot Waltz," "Cry to Me" and "Blue Mondays."

Curtis Chichak

Cowboy Junkies Pale Sun, Crescent Moon (BMG)

Although the louder, dirtier guitar sound may at first throw the listener off, the hushed and haunted tones of Margo Timmins singing about rusty pick-ups on the edge of town will soon trigger fond recognition. *Pale Sun, Crescent Moon* is the Cowboy Junkies' fifth album and it reveals a band struggling to evolve its sound without abandoning the key elements that make it unique to begin with—Timmins' voice whispering life into tales of women's woes penned by her brother Michael.

This time the band has turned up the volume a notch and developed a bluesier edge. The new sound is more successful than the country experiments of the last album, *Black Eyed Man*, as the raw guitars suit the lyrics better and contrast perfectly with Timmins' singing. Mercifully, Timmins never descends to the banshee screeches of other mainstream, quasi-blues singers (read Alanah Myles). *Crescent Moon*, "The Post" and "Pale Sun" all sit among the better tracks, and

even the weaker, more exposed pieces like "Cold Tea Blues" and "Floorboard Blues" are alright if the initial shock of some adolescent lyrics can be tolerated.

Biff Paradise



Melvins Houdini (Atlantic)

Damn thing wouldn't play in my CD player. Must be too heavy.

Moto



The Ne'er Do Wells & Judy the Loadies Gift of Knowledge (Lookout!)

Here's an unusual find. Two bands sharing an album! That's correct, California's Ne'er Do Wells and Judy the Loadies have got together to release a whopping 34-song CD for your double listening but same-price as-one enjoyment. The Ne'er Do Wells take on the first 17 songs, providing the listener with non-stop party pop of the early-Milkhakes/Mersey Beats/Freddy and The Dreamers persuasion. A short intermission allows us to catch our breath and then we're treated to Judy and the Loadies who get us shakin' again with more jangly, honey-tongued '60's pop. All in all, *Gift of Knowledge* is a fun, unpretentious album with a refreshing, honest appeal. Play it at your next party and thank me in the morning.

Grant Lawrence

7 Seconds Out The Shizzy (Headhunter/Cargo)

Well, if you've heard any of 7 Seconds' last four records you already know that this isn't the same band it was ten years ago. Singer/guitarist Kevin "Seconds" is still in the band but the music sure has changed. Some will probably condemn 7 Seconds for the change but I'm just glad they're not rebubbling old punk hits to cash in on the "punk is cool" trend. 7 Seconds are doing what they want and that's a lot more than can be said for some other punk bands who have recently got back together.

Out the Shizzy is more rock than even their last record (*Sad Force Revolution*) and reminds me a lot of the last Scream, Wool and even Big Drill Car record. I never heard Drop Acid (Kevin's failed attempt to start another band) but I think some influence carries over, as do all the members. Anyway, I liked *Out The Shizzy* but not because it's a 7 Seconds record. It rocks, it grooves, I can sing along.

Kim Kinakin



Teenage Fancub 13 (Geffen/MCA)

Two years after the release of their much ballyhooed debut, *Bandwagon*, Teenage Fancub has released 13, named for its 13 tracks (quietly known as 19—Yes, that's 6 bonus tracks). For those curious to know how the band has evolved, don't bother. For the most part the development is predictable; a flute here, some new guitar sounds there and that's about it. The music

is far from ground-breaking but after a few listens I realized it doesn't have to be. These are just simple, little pop tunes poured around sugar sweet vocals and some fuzzy, sometimes clean, guitars. The lyrics, however, are still pretty light. Teenage Fancub seems more concerned with making the obvious rhyme than saying anything profound. And, yes, with 19 tracks you're bound to run into a few fillers, but none of the songs here are really awful. If you don't pay too much attention they'll be swallowed up in the CD's flow. [The 6 bonus tracks make a tape purchase a little bit ridiculous, considering that those 6 songs are some of the CD's best.]

13 with milk first thing in the morning will put you on your toes. Face it, you need it every morning even though your taste buds will get sick of it after a month or so. Most good music is like that.

William Wang

Stagnant Water What Happened? (Mope Records)

Mount Vernon's premiere goof-punk, Stagnant Water, are back with their second (or is it third?) album from the depths of rural Washington State. Though relatively unknown to the common bloke, Stagnant Water have mercilessly been spewing out (non-) hits since at least 1987, or earlier. Their career through the years includes an amazing appearance on the first *Nardwag* compilation LP, and now this: a 14-song CD self-

deprecatingly titled *What Happened?*

Most of the 14 songs are played in Stagnant Water's long-time style of dumb, funny, Dead Milkmanesque punk rock. And although there may be goofy (amusing) bits of dumb and funk here and there, such nasties are to be taken with a heavy dash of salt—it's all in jest. Alas, Stagnant Water has never really been able to "make it" past Mount Vernon and for that most of the outside world will suffer.

Grant Lawrence



Permanent Green Light Against Nature (Rockville/Dutch East)

I don't know how old these three young lads are but I'm sure their parents had a lot of T-Rex, Bowie and Beatles records lying around. And by the amount of licks that guitarist Matt Devine borrows from Bill Nelson, I'm almost sure that he had to have "Ace Victim" by Be-Bop Deluxe injected by a hypodermic needle at an early age.



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Season's Greetings From Zulu

ZULU'S PICKS THAT CLICKED IN '93

We at Zulu would like to thank you for your continued support this year. We hope that you've enjoyed reading about all the monthly specials, new releases, and special events that we've told you about in our ads. Hopefully we've introduced you to a few artists you may not otherwise have heard! This month, as a salute to the year that was, the Zulu staff have each made a list of releases (in no particular order) that made a difference for them.

NICK

Palace Bros. * Ohio Riverboat Song
Magic Hour * Heads Down
Yo La Tengo * Shaker *ep*
Cedrine * Something New
The Silver Jews * The Arizona Record *ep*
Horsey * Horsey *CASS*
Golfers * Carolla Hoist/Thumbnail
Refrigerator * Car Alarm
Bugskull * Fences
The Cake Kitchen * Far From the Sun

DAISY

Liz Phair * Exile in Guyville
Palace Brothers * There is No One What...
Jon Spencer Blues Explosion * Extra Width
Slowdive * Souvlaki
Madder Rose * Bring it Down
Seam * The Problem With Me
Boo Radleys * Giant Steps
Urge Overkill * Saturation
The Fall * Infotainment Scan
American Music Club * Mercury

PAUL M

Palace Bros. * There is No One What...
Jon Spencer Blues Explosion * Extra Width
Giant Sand * Center of the Universe
Uncle Tupelo * Anodyne
Liz Phair * Exile in Guyville
Nirvana * In Utero
Yo La Tengo * Painful
Nick Cave * Live Seeds
Redd Kross * Phasseshifter
Royal Trux * Dogs of Love *ep*

KEVIN

Cub * Betti-Cula
Uncle Tupelo * Anodyne
PJ Harvey * Marzine 7"
Liz Phair * Exile in Guyville
Yo La Tengo * Painful
Stereolab * Transient Random Noise Bursts...
Eric's Trip * Love Tara
Truly * Leslie's Coughing Up Blood *ep*
Urge Overkill * Saturation
Redd Kross * Phasseshifter

PAUL T

The The * Dusk
Fugazi * In On the Killtaker
Don Caballero * For Respect
Archers of Loaf * Icky Mistle
Supersound * Hit Songs for Girls
Alghm Whigs * Gentlemen
Juniata * Emergency on Planet Earth
Best Kept Secret * Puddle 7"
Slowdive * Never Lene That Feeling 7"
Truly * Leslie's Coughing Up Blood 7"

LINDA

Bettie Serveert * Palomine
Liz Phair * Exile in Guyville
Nick Cave * Live Seeds
This Mortal Coil * box set
Sugar * Bonster *ep*
PJ Harvey * Riot of Me
Cranberries * Everybody Else is Doing It...
Stereolab * Transient Random Noise Bursts...
Urge Overkill * Saturation
Belly * Star

RANDY

Bum * Wanna Smash Sensation
Ami Dufresne * Puddle Dive
Various * Julep
Kicking Giant * Halo
Liz Phair * Exile in Guyville
Slowdive * Four
Smogthers * In the Hall of Fame
Tsunami * Deep End
Yo La Tengo * Painful

ROBYNN

Cocals * Long Sound
Slowdive * four
Subsonics * Subsonics
Craven * Snap-Tight Wars 7"
Spunkmarker * Plug 7"
Smogthers * In the Hall of Fame
Girl Trouble * New American Shame
Hanson Bros. * Gross Misconduct
Bum * Wanna Smash Sensation
Mecca Normal * Floodplain

CHRISTINE

Slowdive * Souvlaki
Bettie Serveert * Palomine
Red Kross * Phasseshifter
Unrest * Isabel Bishop *ep*
Verve * Storm in Heaven
Urge Overkill * Saturation
Flaming Lips * Transmissions From the Satellite Heart
Nighthawks * 24 Days at Catastrophe Cafe
Medicine * Buried Life
Boo Radleys * Giant Steps

BRADY

Yo La Tengo * Painful
Teenage Fanclub * Thirteen
Seam * The Problem With Me
Palace Bros. * There is No One What...
Swirlies * Brokedick Car *ep*
Maise pascal * e-fitter *ep*
Horsey * Horsey 7"
Seam * Julia Carter
Santidiah * Most of the Worst *CASS*
Luna * Slide *ep*

GRANT

PJ Harvey * Dry
Slowdive * Mezzal Hand
Yo La Tengo * Painful
Bettie Serveert * Palomine
Jesse Lizard * Lash *ep*
Tom Waits * Black Rider
Lala Hask * Return of Red Emma
Redd Kross * Phasseshifter
Stereolab * Transient Random Noise Bursts...
Madder Rose * Bring it Down

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